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DEATH IN THE WIRE: Japanese caught in a barbed wire entanglement under the Russian guns before Mukden.

Neuralgia and Nerve Weakness.

Cause.—A generally Run-down condition of the System and of the Nerves in particular.

Effect.—Dreadful pain in various parts of the Body, especially in the Head and Face; Depression, Lack of Energy, Dizziness, Irritability, and Nervousness.

Cure.—Three Doses of Guy's Tonic taken daily for one week will banish the pain permanently, brighten the Spirits, restore Vitality, give Strength to the jaded Nerves, and greatly improve the Health.

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Of all Chemists, 1/1½ per box.
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS.

The Great Battle.

Mukden is the greatest battle of all time. Not only have more men been engaged, but it has lasted longer in continuous fighting than any other ever known, and it is pretty certain that the total of the casualties will exceed anything hitherto recorded. Even Leipsic, hitherto the most sanguinary battle in history, is thrown altogether into the shade. Napoleon, who laid it down that no human brain could direct the movements of more than two hundred and fifty thousand men, must yield in this respect, at all events, to Oyama, whose strategic chess-board contains four hundred thousand pieces, and neither Caesar nor Alexander ever won a victory so astounding as that of this marvellous General.



MAMMA: "Now, Harold Henry, don't you want to kiss dear Uncle Edward?"

H. H.: "No! I don't want to. But (after a pause) I'll do it for a shilling."

One Year Ago.

All the world laughed at a despatch said to have been forwarded by a Chinese general during the war between his country and Japan. He had, he declared, made a rapid advance, and the Japanese were in full retreat at his heels. General Kuropatkin's movements seem to have been conducted on pretty much the same principle, and the ambiguous promise that "an extraordinary surprise may be expected in a day or two," with a Russian victory as a certainty, appears quite consonant with all the preliminary fanfaronades which heralded in a Russian defeat. With what a flourish of trumpets the defeated general's name was mentioned in St. Petersburg this time last year! He had been appointed to the chief command only a few days previously, and was on his way to dictate terms of peace in Tokio. A year to-day Togo's sea-terriers were worring the imprisoned Port Arthur fleet, of which a destroyer was doomed to go down. But the *Cesarevich*, the *Retvisan*, and the *Pallada* had already been torpedoed in port, the *Variag* and *Korietz* destroyed; and poor Makaroff had just superseded the hopeless Admiral Starck at the doomed port.

Railway Thirst Producers.

The edibles on the counters of the second and third rate station refreshment rooms are about as bad and ill-suited for travellers' use as they could possibly be. They are "stodgy," contain little real food, and provoke thirst above all things, which is perhaps the object aimed at, for drink is always abundant. The "staples" are "penny buns," sandwiches of coarse ham and damp, spongy bread with no crust, and sponge cakes as dry as possible. In regard to these three abominable classes of "refreshment," it has been a standard practice with knowing persons to bet that no one will eat dry two buns, one sponge cake, or two ham sandwiches.

The Tea Bubble.

All those who have followed the stages which led to the final bursting of the Nelson Tea Pension bubble will read with interest, and probably with approval, the words spoken by the Senior Official Receiver at a meeting of the creditors of the company.

"From the preliminary inquiry that has been made into the affairs of the company [said Mr. Brougham] I have come to the conclusion that the company was a device by which Messrs. Catton and Bainbridge and others

made large profits by deluding people into buying the company's tea upon the faith of promises which those who made them knew perfectly well could not possibly be performed. Having regard to these facts, I am of opinion that fraud has been committed in the conduct of the company's business, and I intend to report to the court accordingly."

The words are strong, but on the facts as stated at the meeting they cannot be considered as anything but justified.

England and Germany.

It appears from all reports that Great Britain and Germany are only restrained from going to war with each other by the absence of anything tangible to fight about.

K.C.'s Mourning.

It may not be generally known that whenever the King orders his court to go into mourning, King's Counsel are under a distinct obligation to obey His Majesty's command. Thus they went into mourning for one week in consequence of the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia. The gown in periods of official mourning is not silk, but stuff. The ties, or "bands," as they are called, depending from the collar, are slightly broader than usual, with a white stripe down the centre of each. On the arms of the coat are broad white cuffs, which are perhaps the most prominent sign of mourning.

The Piano Nuisance.

A correspondent who signs himself "Only Semi-Detached" writes to a contemporary on the old grievance of the domestic piano as heard through neighbouring walls. During the week, he tells us, the practice of perfunctory, and therefore unprofitable, exercises makes his drawing-room a chamber of torture, and every Sunday is desecrated by music-hall ditties, provided with choruses in which every discordant voice can join. This is certainly a bad case, but "Only Semi-Detached" may find some consolation in the knowledge that he is but one among many sufferers. The correspondent, who revives the suggestion of a tax on the "baneful and ubiquitous instrument," may be interested to learn that in certain towns in Germany that question is now being seriously discussed.

An Encore Wanted.

The appearance of passive resisters in the courts has led at times to the crossing of swords in a friendly way between worthy opponents. But we have not seen the revivalists in the dock. There would be a precedent for their appearance. When John Wesley was busy converting the country, Southey tells us, his rivals arrested a whole wagon-load of converts and carted them off to the police-court. What offence had they committed? The Bench wished to know. "Why, they pretend to be better than other folk, and they pray from morning till night," was the answer. Nor was this all. "An't please your worship," said an aged sinner, "they've converted my wife. Till she went among them she had a tongue! Now she's as quiet as a lamb." "What!" cried the magistrate. "Carry them back! Carry them back! Let them convert all the scolds in the town!"



"I don't like the way every man we meet stares at you, Ethel!"
"Well, you don't expect them to stare at you, surely, ma!"

The Murderer's Diamonds.

Sales of lost property are general in most large towns. In Paris a yearly sale takes place of objects found on thieves and murderers unclaimed by their owners. It is truly surprising that so many people refuse to claim what belongs to them. Among the things on view the other day were a pair of earrings, sold for £9, a pearl breastpin £22, and one brooch £48.



CHOLLY: "Some dawgs are offly sensible — got more sense 'n their masters, donchknow."

FWEDDY: "Yaas; got a dawg like that myself, ole fellow."

Then even the canine smiled

Kingdom of the Pawnshop.

Whether the Russians have laid up store at Tieling or not, there should be abundance of provisions there of sorts. All manner of produce comes into Tieling from the interior. Carts by the thousand convey it there and store it against the breaking up of the ice. The crops may be stored or pawned. The place abounds in pawnshops, whose proprietors will take anything in pledge, save arms. A man dumps his beans and millet or whatever the crop may be in a huge compound attached to the shop, and there in ricks or covered heaps it may remain until the breaking of the ice clears the waterway. Coal and iron and gold are abundant in the neighbourhood, but not up to now turned to much account. The coal needs plant to get it; the iron is not so cheaply worked as old metal which they can buy, while the gold mines would be more profitable had not the Chun-chuses an inconsiderate habit of carrying off the soldiery appointed to guard the mines, and, on top of that, demanding gold as tribute, and more as ransom for the military prisoners.

Archbishop Blesses a Tramway Line.

The Archbishop of Malta last week attended in state and solemnly blessed the opening of the first electric tramway in the island.

The Discal Question.

If you call a man a chuckle-headed son of a sea-cook on a post-card, or ask him how much he got for the umbrella he took out of your hall, you are liable to be cast in damages for libel, no matter how illegible your handwriting. At the end of the present month you will be able to say the same thing or sing it into a gramophone, and send the resultant disc to your friend without coming within the peril of the law—at least, so we suppose. Gramophone discs capable of being stuck on an ordinary postcard, and sold for sixpence, will by that time, we are assured, be on the market. What need henceforth even for lovers' meetings? Amarylus will have naught to do but place her gramophone on the stool at her feet, and hear her lover swear in the throaty voice peculiar to lovers and gramophones. Creditors likewise will hear their debtors swear, but in a different language.

Awful Scenes at Mukden—Splendid War Pictures.

Are headlines in an illustrated contemporary. There is all the difference in the world between the war correspondent's point of view and the private soldier's.

The Effect of her Eloquence.

The bad boy of the school had done something more than usually outrageous, and his teacher thought it necessary to deal with him seriously. She took him aside and talked gravely of his delinquencies.

"Johnny sat still, looking at me intently, and seemed to be deeply impressed. I thought I was making great headway, and that my little sermon was surely penetrating Johnny's brain. I never saw a child who seemed so absorbed—even fascinated—by my line of argument. But you can never tell. Just as I had reached the climax in my appeal to his better self, a light of discovery broke over Johnny."

"I say, teacher," he said, eagerly; "it's your low jaw that move, isn't it?"

THE JAPANESE GENERALS

Oyama.

Field Marshal the Marquis Oyama has no love for warfare. With his dumpy figure and curiously unemotional face, which rude caricaturists have likened to a frog, he does not look like a fighter. But that has been his character and his success for thirty-four years. Like so many of his fellow officers, Oyama must possess a compassionate soul, for after the capture of Port Arthur in the Chinese war, it is told of him that on seeing a body of Chinese prisoners shivering in a hailstorm he caused them to be sheltered in his own stables. "They are men," he said briefly; "their lives are more valuable than those of my horses."

Nogi.

Very little is known in Europe of Nogi's antecedents. That he was an engineer is obvious from the fact of his having been put in command of the Third Army, which was sent against Port Arthur. They describe him now as the most scientific officer in Japan, as the siege of Port Arthur showed him to be one of the most inventive and resourceful. He is, as he looks, a student and thinker. Courteous and gentle in manners, assuredly kind-hearted and considerate of his men, he yet hurls away their lives without a tremor of hesitation to secure the object on which he is set.

Kuroki.

One of the hereditary fighters of Japan, a typical Satsuma man (the province of Southern Japan), Kuroki, the victor of the Yalu, holds in his countrymen's opinion something the same position as a soldier that Togo does as an admiral. He never hurries or scamp his preliminaries—and when all is in order he strikes, and strikes viciously hard. He fought for the Emperor against the Shogun in the great civil war, after which he went abroad for military study, and by a strange irony of fate it was in Russia that he found it.



HAROLD: "I hope, Percy, you've got perfect control of the car?"

PERCY: "You may bet on that, dear chappie. Very few folks escape when I get after them."

Kawamura and Nodzu.

They are both from Satsuma—that province which has produced so many fine soldiers and sailors; they both fought with distinction in the Chinese war, Kawamura in Formosa, and Nodzu in Korea, where he captured Ping-yang, and is considered to have largely contributed to the final downfall of China.

Nodzu you might call a fine figure of a man. He is sixty-three years old, and bears them like thirty-six—a famous wrestler, athlete, and sportsman, and above all things full of dash and temerity, precisely the character for his present rôle of human cattle-driver. Kawamura is his junior by some eight years, particularly quiet in demeanour, kindly of nature, unassuming—"the mildest-mannered man that ever cut a throat"—the complement as he is the contrast of Nodzu.

Oku.

Gen. Oku Yashukata was another officer who made himself a considerable reputation in the Satsuma rebellion of '77. He is a man of strong and active build, dark and passionless countenance, keen eyes, observant of all, and massive jaw, denoting that dogged determination which is the characteristic of all his work. He would not be described as one of the great military figures of Japan, but he has a trick very disconcerting to those on the other side of doing what he does with peculiar thoroughness.

THE GREAT BATTLE OF MUKDEN.

HALF THE RUSSIAN ARMY LOST.

Our readers have most probably read many of the vivid despatches which have already reached this country describing the great battle of Mukden, by which the whole of the Russian army in Manchuria has been practically annihilated.

Remnants of General Kuropatkin's shattered forces are now fleeing in various directions, but the Japanese are in hot pursuit, and fresh captures are almost hourly reported.

The Japanese practically created a gigantic cordon around Mukden, corraling a tremendous force.

Below will be found a collection of short paragraphs culled from many despatches, which throw a vivid light on the tremendous nature of the past week's fighting.

General Kuropatkin sent two telegrams to the Tsar.

The first said: "I am compelled to abandon Mukden, but am making a way out."

The second was brief and tragic: "I am surrounded."

General Kuropatkin, says the *Petit Parisien* correspondent, has asked to be relieved of his command, declaring that he is exhausted.

The wrangling of the officers added to the confusion, each seeking to exculpate himself.

The causes of the Russian defeat are manifold, but the principal cause was the Russian ignorance of the Japanese positions and numbers, the latter vastly exceeding the Russian calculations.

The whole of the Japanese operations are proceeding in as orderly a manner as manoeuvres, and are following exactly the

of Mukden, says the *Daily Telegraph*. He has repulsed many counter-attacks, and one small force of his troops repelled a whole division of the enemy. As compared with Port Arthur, his men state that this is merely field manoeuvres.

The slaughter has been infinitely greater than in any battle in the past, though the actual results achieved are perhaps smaller than those accomplished by the German army at Metz and Sedan in 1870.

The crossing of the river by the Japanese was accomplished just in the nick of time, as the ice was softening rapidly, and pontoons were used for conveying the guns across the river.

General Kuropatkin three times narrowly escaped being taken prisoner.

Many of the fugitives, it is stated, have gone mad, and regiments are intermingled.



THE MILITARY PATROL: An everyday street scene in St. Petersburg.

Shangwa, eight miles north of Mukden, and that vicinity.

Ambulance wagons filled with wounded have been rendered immovable and are exposed to surprises from the enemy.

All the rolling-stock was removed from

with troops, horses, and guns for a distance of several miles.

"The disaster surpasses in horror all that could be imagined," telegraphs the *Petit Journal's* correspondent at St. Petersburg. "A telegram which cannot be published shows the miserable Russian soldiers seized with madness and looting and firing on one another. Others charged trees, bayonet in hand, taking them for Japanese. Many lie prostrate on the ground and weep and make the sign of the Cross."

Many trains conveying munitions and supplies northward from Mukden were derailed and pillaged by the starving soldiery.

A correspondent with the army tells a story of one soldier crazed with heat who threatened to shoot him in order to take his baggage-cart.

For ten hours neither man nor beast rested, the great confused multitude of baggage trains and men moving on in clouds of dust.

It is feared that the Third Army, which is fighting desperately in the mountains, will be overtaken by a disaster which will lead to the total annihilation of the Russian forces in Manchuria.

At dusk, near Santaitze, a force of Japanese cavalry swooped down out of the darkness and flung the diabolical hand-grenades which General Kondratyenko introduced to modern war at Port Arthur among the Russian masses. The detonation of these fearful missiles, the ghastly injuries which they inflicted, killing men by the score and blowing them to fragments of flesh, caused a panic, but still more terrible to the decimated troops was the fact which this attack showed—that the Japanese were to the north of the Russian army and between it and safety.

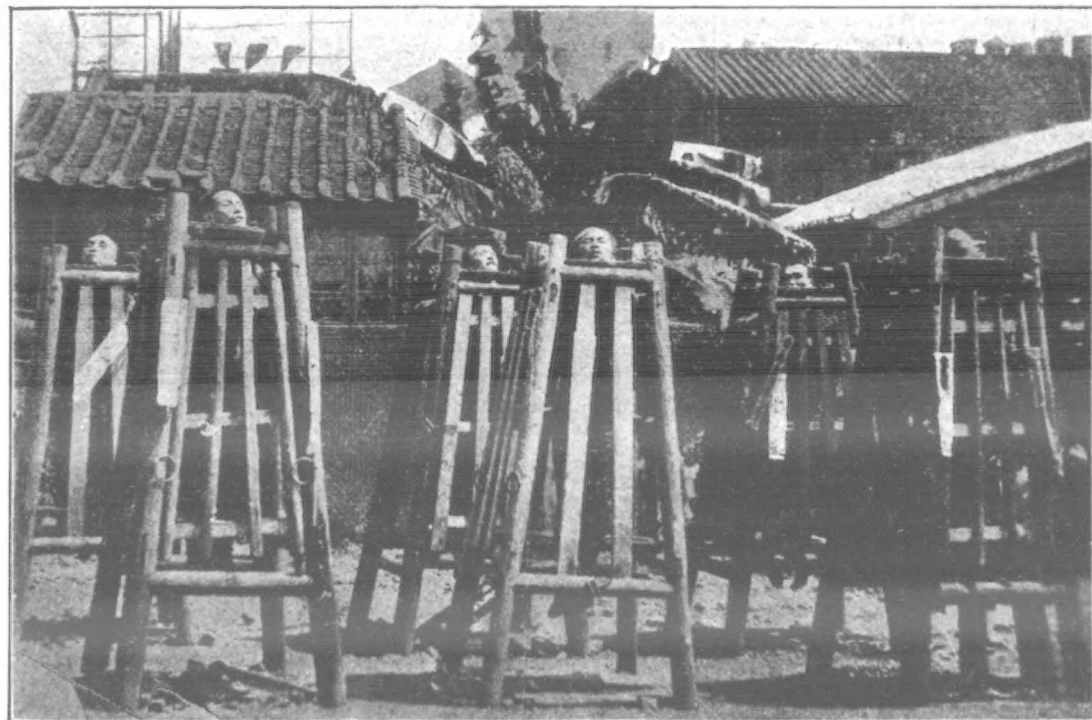
One fact, almost unprecedented in warfare, is that a vast amount of bullion was secured, and this in itself indicates that the confusion was so great that the enemy are now alone animated by considerations of personal safety.

The plains and hillsides are glowing with the light of thousands of camp fires, and great clouds of dust, raised by nearly a million men and animals marching all day, overhang the country.

It is confidently expected that the total losses of the Russians will eventually amount to 300,000, including 100,000 prisoners.

It is estimated that the total number of troops on both sides engaged in the battle was 850,000, as compared with 400,000 at Liaoyang, and 580,000 at the battle of the Sha-ho.

Over 500 guns have been captured, in addition to large supplies of ammunition.



Photo, Lian.

HOW CHINESE CRIMINALS ARE EXECUTED.

arranged plan, just as Marshal Oyama pledged himself to the Mikado.

The Japanese are in hot pursuit, and are keeping up an incessant fire on the fleeing enemy.

General Nogri, who is on the Japanese extreme left, has accomplished splendid work, and to him is due the credit of the occupation

Crowds of pale soldiers, hungry and unarmed, are following the Trans-Manchurian railway.

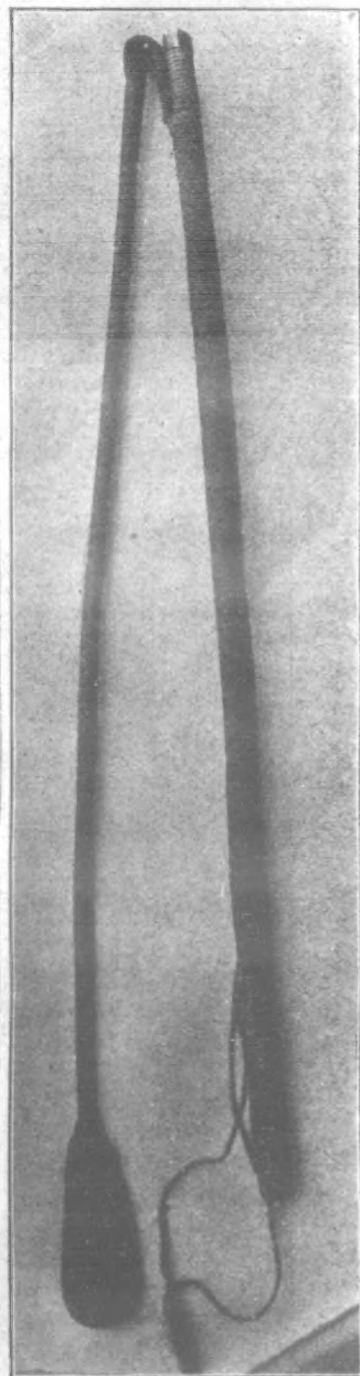
The labour of the medical staff was so enormous that three of the surgeons collapsed from fatigue.

Thousands upon thousands of Russians in the most miserable condition are retreating to the North, filling the district between

Mukden, as well as all the wounded, except 1,500 cases which were too serious to move. Among these were several hundred Japanese. A sufficient number of doctors was left behind to tend them properly.

The spoils of clothing and provisions are heaped in great piles resembling hills.

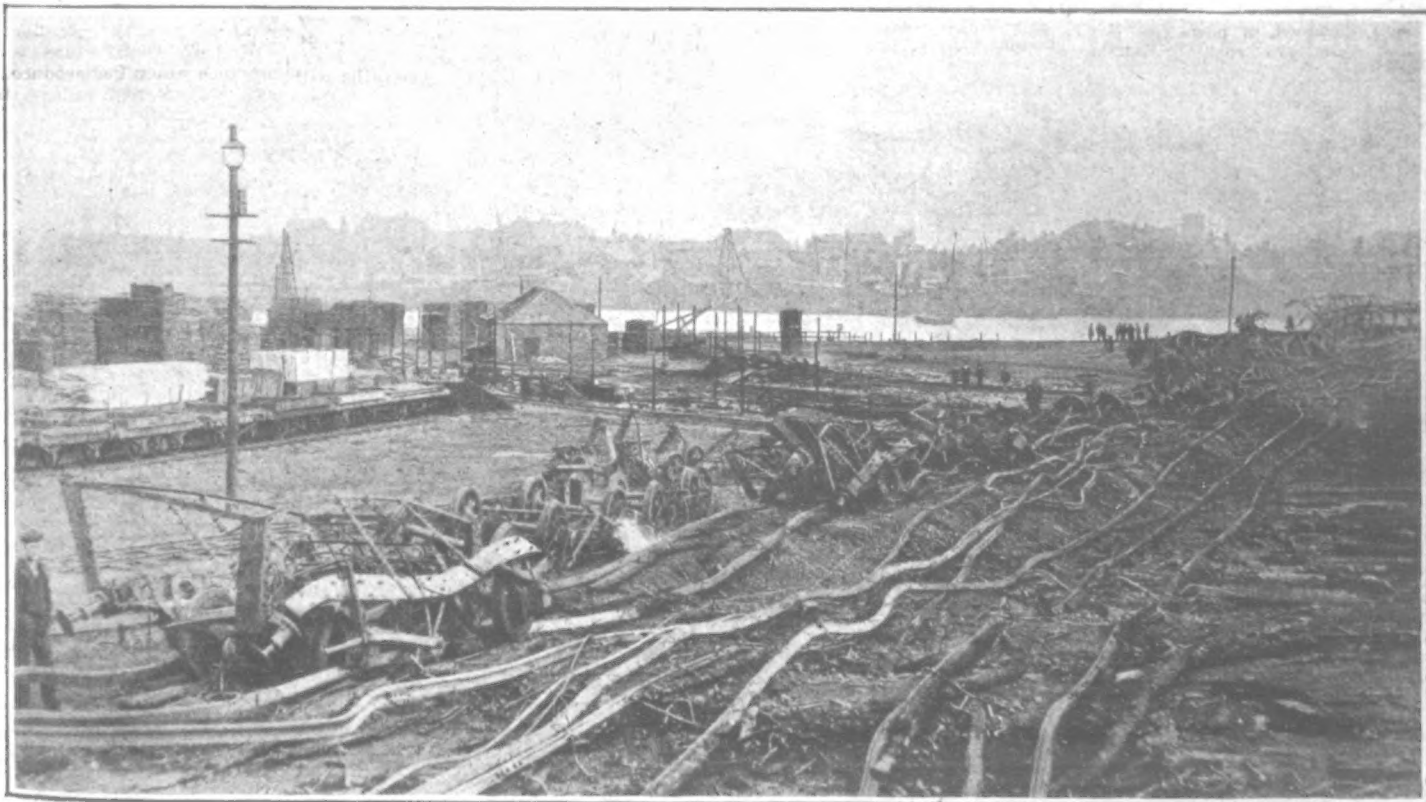
The approaches to Tieling are swarming



GOVERNMENT BY VIOLENCE.

The terrible plet (whip) used by the Russian police upon their victims.

ing of a net round the enemy, which Oyama has succeeded in doing at Mukden in the twentieth century, is a stratagem as ancient as war itself, and we see from this battle pretty clearly that the progress of science which has perfected the weapons of destruction has not grafted on human ingenuity any power of working miracles. The javelin, the bow, and the sword made way for the arque-buse, Brown Bess and the muzzle-loading mortar for the magazine rifle and the quick-firing field gun; but the mind that directs a fight is still in the twentieth what it was in the first century, with the same ideas and the same limitations—though it would certainly give historians a better gauge of the military genius of Hannibal if the Carthaginian could be seen in command of an army of half a million men operating on a front of nearly a hundred miles.



THE GREAT FIRE ON THE TYNESIDE: General view of the ruins.

The peculiar ailments which particularly affect certain towns are dealt with in an article entitled "Towns that Destroy Teeth" in this week's "SMITH'S WEEKLY." ONE PENNY.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

The King's Movements.—His Majesty the King received the Right Hon. W. H. Long, M.P., in audience on Monday morning upon his appointment as Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Lieut-General Sir W. Nicholson, who has been attached to the headquarters of the Japanese Army in Manchuria as His Majesty's chief military attaché, had the honour of being received by the King upon his return from Japan. Rear-Admiral Sir A. Berkeley Milne, Bart., A.D.C., had also the honour of being received by the King.

The Princess Louise, (Duchess of Fife) and the Duke of Fife dined with their Majesties the King and Queen on Monday evening. On Tuesday afternoon the King held a council at Buckingham Palace.



Photo, Press Picture Agency.

THE LATEST PHOTO OF MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., who led the attack on the Government last week.

Royal Visit to Portugal.—The Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, and attended by the Countess of Antrim, the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, Lord Farquhar, the Hon. H. C. Legge, and the Hon. Henry Stonor, started for Lisbon on Tuesday morning. The royal party left London by special train from Victoria Station, and boarded the Victoria and Albert at Portsmouth. On Saturday the Queen visits Belem Cathedral and the museums, and a gala performance will be given at the Opera in her honour. On the 19th a vi it will be paid to a charity bazaar, and the Queen will be present later at a State banquet at Ajuda Palace. On the 20th a breakfast will be given at Cintra by the Dowager Queen Maria Pia.

Crown Prince's Marriage.—The marriage of the German Crown Prince with the Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has been fixed definitely for June 6th next. The ceremony will take place at Berlin.

Death of the King's Oldest Friend.—Mr. Reuben Sassoon, one of the King's oldest personal friends, has died (in his seventy-fourth year) at his Brighton residence. Mr. Sassoon was one of the best known clubmen in London, and was a well-known figure at race-meetings, where he was nearly always to be seen in the company of the King.

New Important Appointments.—The King has been pleased to approve the following appointments: The Right Hon. Walter Hume Long, M.P., President of the Local Government Board, to be Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in succession to the Right Hon. George Wyndham, M.P. Mr. Long has been President of the Local Government Board since 1900. He entered Parliament as the Conservative member for North Wilts in 1880, and is not yet fifty-one.

He exchanges a salary of £2,000 for one of £1,425.

The Right Hon. Gerald Balfour, M.P., President of the Board of Trade, to be President of the Local Government Board, in succession to Mr. Long. Mr. Balfour is a brother of the Prime Minister, and has been President of the Board of Trade since 1900. He has been Conservative member for Central Leeds since 1885.

His salary remains the same—£2,000.

The Marquis of Salisbury to be President of the Board of Trade, in succession to Mr. Gerald Balfour. Lord Salisbury, who succeeded his father in 1903, first entered the House of Commons in 1885, as Conservative member for the Darwen Division of Lancashire. In 1892 he was defeated, and the following year was elected for Rochester, for which he sat until his father's death. From 1900 to 1903 Lord Salisbury was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and since 1903 has been Lord Privy Seal. The salary attached to his new post is £2,000.

The Hon. Allwyn Edward Fellowes, M.P., to be President of the Board of Agriculture, in succession to the Earl of Onslow, the new Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords. Mr. Fellowes is one of the Government Whips, and has been a Junior Lord of the Treasury since 1900. From 1895 to 1900 he was Vice-Chamberlain of Queen Victoria's Household. Mr. Fellowes has sat in Parliament for the Ramsey Division of Huntingdonshire since 1887. The salary attached to his new post is £2,000.

A New Ambassador.—Sir William Edward Goschen, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., Minister at Copenhagen, has been appointed



TERRIBLE EXPLOSION AT EDMONTON: View of the wreckage. Photo, p. col.

Ambassador at Vienna in succession to Sir Francis Plunkett, who retires in May next. Sir Edward Goschen, who is a younger brother of Lord Goschen, has been in the Diplomatic Service since 1869.

Relics of Lord Nelson.—Without doubt the most interesting section in the Historic Loan Collection of the Naval, Shipping, and Fisheries Exhibition at Earl's Court will be the Nelson room, which is to be devoted to relics of the famous Commander. Here will be seen the cap he wore as a baby, the dirk he carried as Horatio Nelson, Midshipman, several locks of his hair, and the font at which he was baptised. The United Service Club have lent the sword presented to the hero after Trafalgar, and much later bequeathed to that institution. A suggestion of the gruesome will be found in the plaster cast taken after death upon the Victory, and also the actual tourniquet utilised to stop the bleeding at the memorable sea-fight when Nelson lost his arm. Many autograph letters, his writing table from the Victory, his telescope, and the blue silk netted purse he had in his pocket when he received his death wound, are but further items in the priceless collection that will be displayed.

Explosion at Edmonton.—A terrible explosion occurred at the Pegamoid Factory, Angel Road, Edmonton. The effect was felt for a radius of three or four miles round. Fortunately, there were only two workmen in the factory at the time, but both of these have been injured. Harry Vickers, twenty-four, married, was badly burned about the chest and body, and lies at Tottenham Hospital in a serious condition. A youth of fourteen,

David Bookless, was burnt and cut about the back of the head, but his injuries were not serious enough to necessitate him being detained at the hospital. The whole of the five buildings which compose the works were damaged, and the magazine totally demolished. The cause of the explosion is, as yet, unknown.

Daring Highway Robbery.—A highway robbery of a most daring character took place early last Saturday morning at Golders' Hill, where Mr. W. Lewis, one of the subcontractors engaged in the construction of the Hampstead and Charing Cross tube railway, was attacked by three men, who stole a handbag containing £127 in cash, and left their victim unconscious.

He was walking along the Finchley Road shortly after five o'clock, when a cart suddenly pulled up behind him. Two men sprang from the vehicle, which was a costermonger's "shay," and rushed upon him, inflicting a terrible blow which felled him to the ground unconscious.

The thieves, it would seem, then seized the handbag and regained their cart, the third member of the party, who had remained in the vehicle, whipping up the pony and driving away rapidly in the direction of London.

A few minutes before six one of the pony boys employed in the Tube came along the road on his way to work, and found Mr. Lewis unconscious and bleeding from a wound on the side of the head. Close by was a stout bar of iron, about two feet in length.

While the boy was bending over Mr. Lewis the latter recovered consciousness, and was able to relate in halting fashion what had occurred. He was assisted to his feet, and

managed to limp to his office, where he found the night-shift men, who were waiting for their wages.

"I've no money for you, men," he said. "It's all gone." Then he collapsed.

Up to the present the police have not succeeded in tracing the thieves, and it is more than doubtful if any of the booty will be recovered.

The Dogger Bank Incident.—The sum of £65,000 has been handed to Lord Lansdowne by the Russian Ambassador, that being the amount of the indemnity due to the Hull fishermen who sustained damages in the attack made upon them by the Baltic Fleet in the North Sea.

A Strange Case.—The case (reported in these columns last week) in which Mr. Michael McCarthy brought an action against Mr. Thomas Patrick Kennedy was decided, Mr. Justice Darling giving judgment for the defendant.

The Child-Wife Murder.—At the Old Bailey, last week, the grand jury found a true bill against the man, Kingham, who is charged with murdering his wife, aged 16, at a house in Marylebone. The trial was postponed till next sessions.

Brave Fireman's Reward.—Third-class fireman W. Bullock, one of the crew of the hosed escape at the Scotland-yard Station has been recommended by the Fire Brigade Committee to be awarded the London County Council's silver medal "for extraordinary bravery." Bullock (as already reported in these columns) rescued a boy from an upper window at the motor-warehouse fire in Long Acre on February 22nd. The flames



Photo, Campbell Gray

"MY LADY NICOTINE." The New Ballet at the Alhambra. Scene in a Turkish Harem.

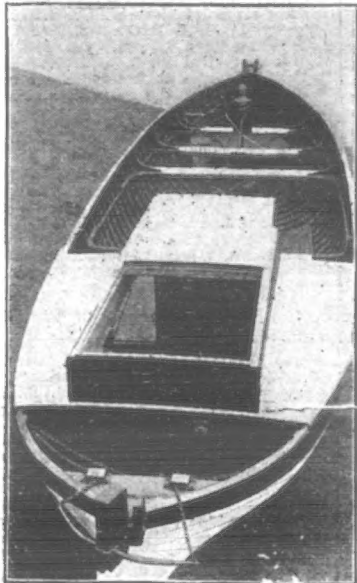
The current "SMITH'S WEEKLY," ONE PENNY, tells how to find out a man's daily occupation, in an article entitled "Your Face Betrays You!"

round the window were so fierce that three jets of water had to be played upon the man to enable him to accomplish the rescue of the boy.

General Booth at Calvary.—General Booth is visiting the most sacred places in the Holy Land, and holding meetings wherever he goes. He addressed a gathering on Mount Calvary last Saturday in a speech that will be long remembered by those who heard it. Many present were moved to tears, and as he concluded an intensely dramatic recital of the story of the Cross, and called for repentant sinners, some of his listeners came forward and professed salvation.

St. Patrick's Ball.—Lady Lurgan has returned to Dublin Castle, where she will remain for the close of the season, which ends on the 17th, with St. Patrick's Ball. In accordance with an old custom, no invitations are issued for this ball, every one who has been received at a Levee or Drawing Room the same season being privileged to attend by merely sending their names to the Chamberlain beforehand. The ball opens with a country dance to the tune of "St. Patrick's Day." Her Excellency dancing with the Chamberlain, while the Lord Lieutenant in former times had the Lady Mayoress of Dublin for his partner.

The Great Bonmartini Case.—The first act of the great Bonmartini tragedy, which the present famous murder trial may be said to constitute, came to an end on Saturday. The second act bids fair to be equally interesting, notwithstanding the



ONE OF THE NEW MOTOR FISHING YAWLS which will probably supersede the old sailing boats now in use. Bird's-eye view showing placement of motors.



SPECIAL "P. I. P." SKETCHES IN THE LAW COURTS. (See "The Week's News.")

long-drawn-out proceedings which are characteristic of Italian trials. The collection of documents about to be examined consists of thirty-three volumes, comprising 1,746 letters and documents. Among these are 400 letters written by Countess Linda, and fifty-three letters from Count Bonmartini to a music-hall singer. All these will be read in court.

A Wife's Confession.—At the close of the Thornton Heath case, the Divorce Court was the scene of an unusual demonstration. Without the slightest hesitation the jury found that the co-respondent, Dr. C. O. Fowler, had been falsely accused of misconduct with Mrs. Miller, whose husband had sued for divorce upon his wife's own confession. In dismissing Dr. Fowler from the case, Sir Gorell Barnes said he left the court without a stain upon his character. These remarks were received in court with a delight which found expression in an outburst of applause. The doctor was loudly cheered.

A King's Proctor Case.—The hearing was resumed of the case of Roche v. Roche (reported last week), in which the King's Proctor intervened to prevent being made

absolute a decree nisi obtained by the wife. After half an hour's deliberation the jury found that the petitioner had not, as alleged, condoned her husband's misconduct, that she had misconducted herself with Mr. Percy with the knowledge and consent of her husband; and that it was by the connivance, coercion, and instigation, and under duress of the respondent. Material facts, they further found, were intentionally kept from the knowledge of the court at the previous trial. The decree nisi was rescinded, and the petition dismissed.

A Life Sentence.—Mrs. Agnes Black was last Saturday sentenced to penal servitude for life, at the Armagh Assizes, for the part she took in the murder of her mother, for which her sister-in-law, Mrs. Sarah Ann Pearson, has been sentenced to death. Mr. Justice Wright, in passing sentence, said Mrs. Black's crime was almost as bad as that of her sister-in-law, for though she did not hurry her mother out of the world, she had deliberately administered mercury for a long period, with the object of shortening her days. The closing words of the sentence were also crowned by the prison-born baby,

which the woman held in her arms. As she heard the sentence she fainted, but was caught in the arms of a waitress.

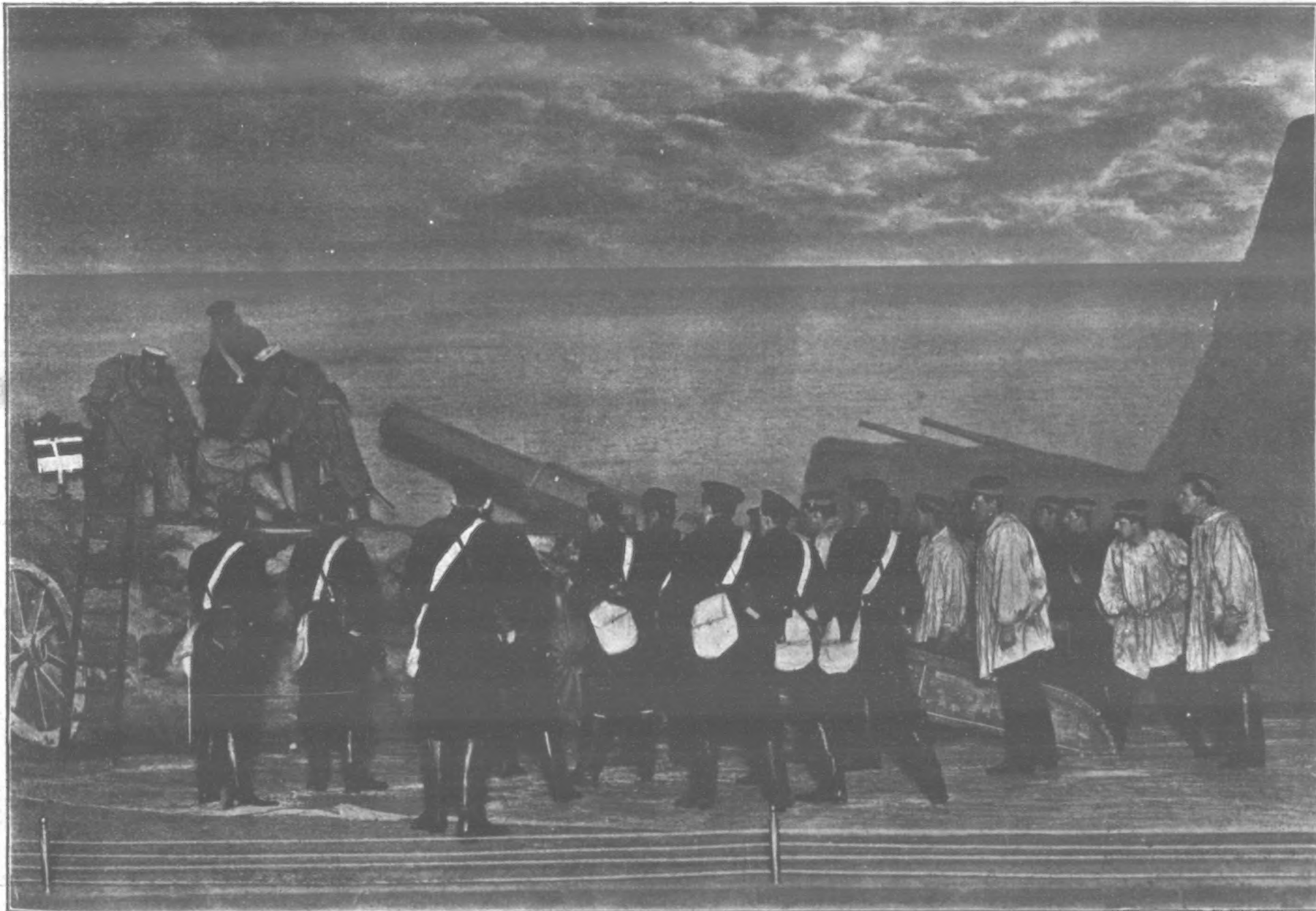
Death of a V.C. Hero.—Sergeant Henry Hook, V.C., one of the heroes of Borko's Drift, died at Gloucester on Monday. Until recently he was employed at the British Museum, but retired a few months ago owing to ill-health. On his retirement his Victoria Cross pension was increased to £50 a year by the War Office.

A Captain's Forethought.—The Cunard liner *Lucania*, which left Liverpool for New York on Saturday, landed a number of saloon passengers at Queenstown on Monday morning. Thirty miles west of the Fastnet Rock the engines had to be stopped for two hours owing to a crack in the hawse-pipe and a plate underneath it. Captain Watt at once set the pump to work, and went into the saloon and informed the passengers that he intended to return to Queenstown. A testimonial will be presented to him on his arrival in New York for his forethought and care of his ship. The *Lucania* left Queenstown on Tuesday.

Death of the Marquis of Anglesey.

The Marquis of Anglesey died at 2.50 on Tuesday morning at a Monte Carlo hotel. He was under thirty years of age. Born in 1871, he succeeded to the title in 1898, and married Sir George Chetwynd's daughter in the same year. His annual income was £11,000 from 1898 up till last year, but his passion for collecting precious stones absorbed a large share of his wealth. Less than a year ago he failed for £544,000, and the recollection of the sales at his castle is still fresh in the public mind.

A Mysterious Tragedy.—A German veteran, eighty years of age, named Michael Comors, and his wife, a woman of sixty, were found dead in their cottage in the little Irish village of Carricklawn, near Wexford. The Irish milk-woman, being unable to get an answer to her knock, called the police, who broke into the house. The old soldier and his wife were lying side by side. Their heads were battered in, and a hammer and a coal scuttle lay near the bodies. A sum of £38 was found in the dead man's pocket. No arrests have yet been made.



Photo, Campbell-Grey.

A STRIKING AND REALISTIC SCENE AT THE LONDON "COLISEUM": Inside a fort at Port Arthur.

Read all about the "Songs that Set Millions Singing," in the current number of "SMITH'S WEEKLY."

ENJOYMENT



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Blonde, Brown, or Black, by
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You all want "Gold." How many times can
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Jewellery Prizes and \$100
in cash, in order to circulate our
1905 Bargain Catalogue,
containing many hundreds of illus-
trations of the latest fashionable
jewellery, and we offer these prizes
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HINDE'S

The late Lord
Justice Chitty, on
the application
of Mr. Lewis
Edmunds, Q.C.,
recently granted a perpetual injunction, with costs,
restraining a West End Draper from passing off spurious cur-
lures and selling them as "Hinde's" Curles. Evidence was
given by a lady nurse, Mrs. Nobbs, of Kensington, that she
had suffered damage by such misrepresentation. Evidence was
also given to show that no curles or wavers are genuine "Hinde's"
unless they bear the name "Hinde's" on the box. The pres-
ent curles are not "Hinde's" but are a cheap imitation of
Hinde's. The proprietors of the curles are Hinde's Ltd., Fins-
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HAIR

WAVERS

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food."—British Analyti-
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ONE CUP
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Delicious
PLASMON COCOA

Equals in nutriment 1 lb. Beef
or Ten Cups of ordinary
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chemicals.

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HIRST, BROOKE, & HIRST, LTD., LEEDS.

Smedley's Paste.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

FOOTBALL.

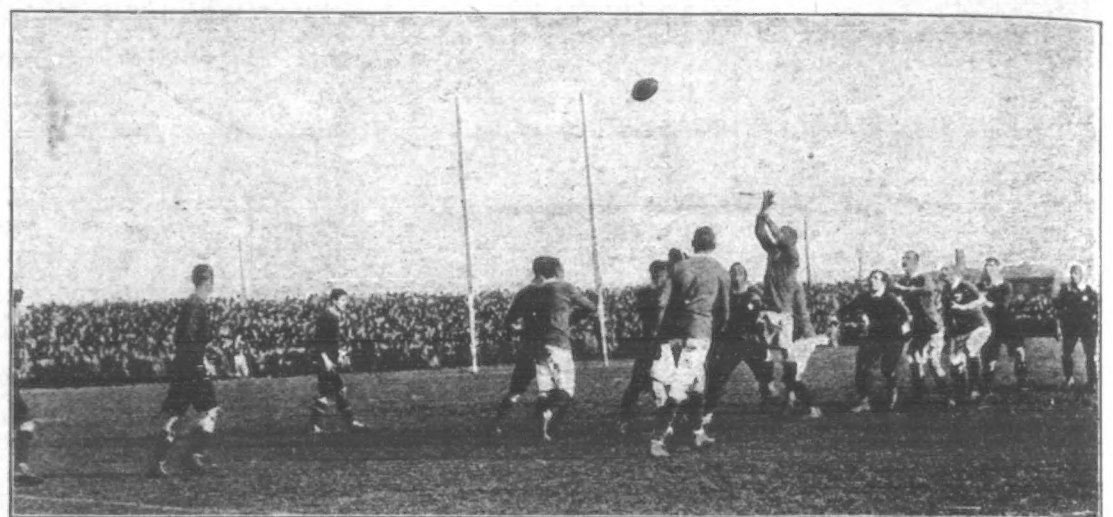
Wales have won the Rugby Championship, and on their form against Ireland at Swansea last Saturday they deserve the laurels. But it was not a great game for the decision of such high honours, though no one could have wished for a harder or more exciting match. The issue at stake influenced the methods of the Welshmen more than it did those of the Irish, and the manner in which the former adapted themselves to the conditions was worthy of a truly great side.

Changes have been necessary in both teams, and from these Ireland probably suffered most. For Gwyn Nicholls, that trusty pillar of Welsh football, was able to step into the breach caused by the illness of Rees, whereas Harvey's absence from the Irish three-quarter line sadly decreased its defensive powers. But, as already said, Wales merit their honours, and their win of 2 goals to a try was a fitting climax to a brilliant season. Now England and Scotland have to fight out the battle to escape bottom place. Yet their contest will be vested with more interest than event, for is not the Calcutta Cup at stake?

Though this all-important game has still to be played, one can look back on the performances of the season and scornfully confess England has nothing to be proud of. However, there comes a slump in everything at times, and there is no cause to despair. Last Saturday the principal game in the South was between London Scottish and Oxford University. The dark blues gave a splendid exhibition and won easily by 20 points to nil. Richmond beat Old Merchant Taylor, and Blackheath, far away in Glasgow, were too good for West of Scotland.

There are few clubs in the first division of the League that can show more in-and-out running than Stoke. Never holding a really commanding position in the premier football organisation, they have yet always been a force to be reckoned with, and though on occasion they have figured dangerously near to the bottom rung of the League ladder, they have always, since 1890-1, had sufficient grit left in them to escape relegation to the second division of the body in which their fortunes are cast.

They are renowned for bringing off surprises and winning when least expected to. Their latest victims are Woolwich Arsenal, whom they defeated at the pottery town last Saturday by 2 goals to nil. Tom Fitchie reappeared in the Arsenal ranks and played



Photo, Baker & Dixon.

WALES v. IRELAND AT SWANSEA: Reaching for the ball.

The Southern League table has an interesting appearance at the time of writing. Bristol Rovers are on top, with a goal average superior to that of any other club. Last Saturday they were simply irresistible in their match with Southampton, and beat the holders of the Championship by no less than 6 goals to 1. Millwall were at home to Tottenham Hotspur, but the "Lions" were beaten by the Spurs, who won by 2 goals to nil. Woodward was a great factor in the victory, but Millwall ought to have at least drawn.

Fulham met Reading at Elm Park, and it was the tale of their cup-tie battles over again. So evenly were the teams matched that neither gained the advantage, the result being a pointless draw. Another desperate fight resulted from the meeting of Portsmouth and New Brompton. Each side scored 1 goal, but the Kent team were decidedly lucky to escape defeat, for "Pompey" were always the better side.

Luton possess a peculiar side which is famed for playing some of their best games on foreign soil. Last Saturday they beat Queens Park Rangers at Park Royal by 2 goals to 1. Brentford had a visit from Swindon

changes, except for amateur forwards, perhaps, will be made from the English League team to the English International eleven.

Although one or two well-known names were missing from the Corinthian team which opposed Bolton Wanderers at Leyton, it was, nevertheless, a strong combination on paper, but it failed to realise expectations on the field. The shooting of the amateurs was poor, or they would have won the match; as it was they had to be content with drawing the game at 1 goal each.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

Cross-country running, like every other branch of sport, loses in interest with the decision of the National Championship. For one reason the long period of hard training, so necessary to make a show in that event, takes so much of the steel out of most, that a period of inaction is welcome before the serious work on the cinder-path comes along.

The London Business Houses Championships becomes more popular year by year, and the meeting at Edmonton last Saturday was one of the most successful. Curiously enough,

Finchley had a ten miles walking match in conjunction with Redhill and Reigate Harriers, the event being decided at Neasden. The first six men home were G. W. Lansley, Finchley, 1; J. H. Davenport, Finchley, 2; A. Pateman, Redhill, 3; H. Lyon, Redhill, 4; W. Streeter, Redhill, 5; and H. Johnson, Redhill, 6. Lansley did the distance in 1 hour 20 min. 18 sec., but the course was obviously short.

Cambridge Harriers decided a 6 1/2 miles walking handicap at Blackheath. This was won by A. Miller, 5 min. start. The winner led all the way, and won by over 200 yards. W. A. Tutt, 5 min., was second; T. E. Norton, scratch, third; A. E. Gardiner, 5 min., fourth. A. Millward, 3 min. 25 sec., fifth; and J. Gardiner, 5 min., sixth. The scratch man covered the course in 51 minutes.

The Irish Senior Championship only attracted 35 runners, but many well-known men were taking part. Last year's winner, J. J. Daly, of Galway City Harriers, failed to defend his title, and the honour of first place fell to T. Hynes, of the same club. The winning club was Galway, who scored 47 points. Then came Ballinasloe, 77 points, followed by Haddington, 78, and Santry, 110.

The Cambridge University Sports suffered from the weather. The first day was bad and the second worse, consequently the performances scarcely did justice to the merits of the runners. W. Brass (Eton and Trinity) won the 100 yds. in 10 1/2 sec., but this "Freshman" would easily beat that on a favourable day. F. G. Masters (Selwyn) threw the hammer 113 ft. 10 ins., and the 120 yds. hurdles resulted in a dead heat between K. Powell (King's) and F. H. Teall (Sydney) in the good time of 16 1/2 sec.

On the first day A. R. Walsh (Trinity) had won the mile in the fine time of 4 min. 24 sec., and as H. P. Coggins (Trinity) was only 6 yds. away, both should be dangerous against Oxford. E. E. Leader (Trinity) won the high jump with the moderate leap of 5 ft. 6 ins., and on the concluding day (Monday) another dead heat resulted in the quarter, E. Kyle (Trinity) and H. Van Namen (Downing) finishing abreast in 5 1/2 sec. W. Bateman (Emmanuel) won the long jump with 21 ft. 5 ins., and the blue, A. R. Churchill (Catus), won the three miles very easily in 15 min. 15 sec.—not good time perhaps, but sufficient for the purpose. The weight was secured by the Hon. G. W. Lyttleton (Trinity) with a put of 38 ft. 4 ins.

ROWING.

I have not yet had an opportunity of seeing either the Oxford or Cambridge crew, but from what I am told the former have a better chance of victory this year than they have possessed for some seasons past at this stage of the training. During the few days that they were at Henley the dark blues showed immense improvement, and, granting that there is still room for "polishing-up," there is no question but that Mr. Fletcher has a rattling good crew under his charge. The Oxonians were due at Putney yesterday (Thursday) for the final stage of their preparation for the great event on April 1st.

Cambridge, like their rivals, have had to suffer from changes in the boat, but, happily, their president, H. Sanger, was able to resume his place at bow on Monday last when the crew made their appearance at Kingston. On the rough water that they had to contend with previously at Ely they learned many useful wrinkles, and their only real fault on Monday was their faulty forward work. They come to Putney next Monday.



RUGBY FOOTBALL—CIVIL SERVICE v. ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE: Collared.

a fine game, but good as the amateur it is doubtful if the dropping of Satterthwaite is a wise move. Individual brilliance is very well in its way, but the collective strength wins more matches than even a Cobbold could hope to do.

Preston North End had the best of their game with Middlesbrough at Deepdale, and, notwithstanding a heavy downpour and the consequent ruin of the pitch, the match attracted a fairly large crowd. The Teessiders battled pluckily to the finish, but Preston carried too many guns for them, and won by 2 goals to nil.

Sheffield United and Bury met at Bramwell Lane, the scene of many a famous fight, both at cricket and football. The "Blades" are invariably a tough lot to beat on their own ground, as Bury found, for they were beaten by 4 goals to nil. Everton and Sheffield Wednesday are candidates for the Cup final, but, if the result of their league match is any criterion of the merits of the two sides, the Wednesday have little chance of figuring at the Crystal Palace. But the match was played at Goodison Park, and this was everything to Everton, who won by 3 goals to 2.

Aston Villa and Notts County met on the latter's ground at Trent Bridge. The Villa's present form and the low position occupied by the County in the League—they are still at the bottom, and will figure in the second division next season—afforded little hope of a Nottingham success, in spite of the fact that the Villa had several regulars absent. However, the County made a plucky fight and were only beaten by 2 goals to 1.

Derby County have a fairly good record this season, and are well up in the middle of the League, though it must be borne in mind that their programme is nearly completed. Playing on their own ground on Saturday, for the last time this season, they gained a clever victory over Sunderland by 1 goal to nil. Another hard battle was lost between Manchester City and Blackburn Rovers at Hyde Road, the former just winning by 2 goals to 1.

Notts Forest by beating Small Heath on the latter's ground gained two points which may prove their salvation. They are by no means yet out of danger of dropping out of the first division, but they showed capital form and beat the Birmingham club by 2 goals to 1. Newcastle United had no difficulty with Wolverhampton Wanderers at St. James' Park. Their play was hall-marked by "class," and they thoroughly deserved their victory of 3 goals to nil.

but the game calls for little comment, and a very poor game resulted in a draw.

The conditions at Upton Park were very bad when West Ham United met Watford. The ground was something approaching a mud bank and the football accordingly suffered in quality. West Ham adapted themselves better to the conditions than their rivals and beat them by 2 goals to nil. The other match in the League was between Brighton and Hove Albion and Plymouth Argyle. This was won by the Brightonians by 2 goals to nil, and the Albion deserve every credit for their fine play this season.

The League International between the chosen of England and Scotland was decided at New Hampden Park, Glasgow, and the match attracted some 40,000 spectators. It was a brilliant game, the Scots being in the ascendant in the first half, when they had the benefit of the wind, and the Englishmen in the second. England's defence was superior to that of their rivals, but there was little else in it, and a win for the Saxons by 3 goals to 2 very well represents the run of the play. It was a plucky victory, and I doubt if many

the first three men are all members of the National champions—the Highgate Harriers—though on the present occasion they ran in different teams. These were George Pearce, W. Delaney, and A. G. Horne, and they finished first, second, and third.

Pearce occupied 27 min. 9 sec. in covering the course, which was alleged to be five miles in length, and if the distance was correct the time was very fast. Delaney's time was 27 min. 21 sec., and Horne 27 min. 39 sec. The first three clubs were Vickers, Son, and Maxim, G. E. R. Loco Department, and Harris Lebus, in the order named.

An inter-club run between the Slough Harriers and the Great Western Railway Athletic Club took place at West Ealing, where a large number of members of both clubs had a most enjoyable outing, without, however, attempting to race. The Wigmore Harriers had a mile race in at the finish of their practice, G. F. Billingsby being first, and other clubs who were only practising were Queen's Park Harriers and Isledon Harriers.



Photo, Baker & Dixon.

WALES v. IRELAND AT SWANSEA: A line out.

"The Life and Work of General Booth" is now appearing in "SMITH'S WEEKLY." ONE PENNY. Every Tuesday.

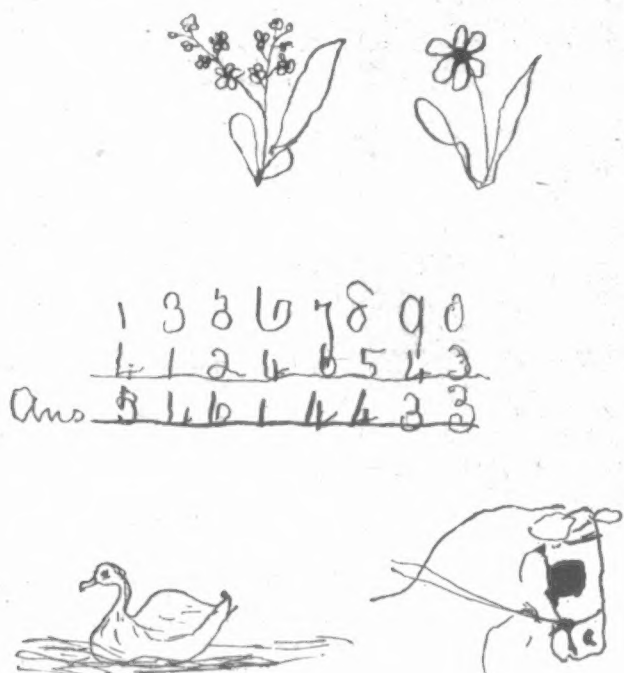
Are You Two-handed?

Under the title of "Ambidexterity," Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., have just published a somewhat remarkable book on right and lefthandedness, coupled with "two brainedness," by John Jackson, F.E.I.S., the founder of the Ambidextral Culture Society. Major-General Baden-Powell, C.B., has written the introduction, and articles have been contributed to the volume by many eminent medical men.

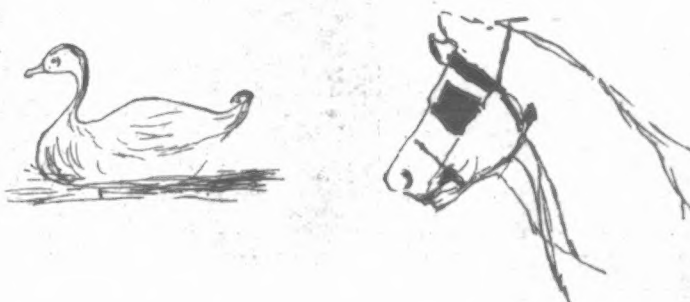
We give on this page two illustrations showing Baden-Powell's autograph written with the right and left hand simultaneously; also drawings executed in a similar manner.

Right: *Baden Powell*
Left: *Baden Powell*

MAJOR-GEN. BADEN-POWELL'S AUTOGRAPH.
Written with right and left hand simultaneously.



3 1 2 6 7 8 10 9
2 3 4 5 6 12 4 3
Ans 5 4 4 2 6 1 3 5 2



1 2 3 6 7 8 9 0
8 1 2 4 6 5 4 3
Ans 9 3 6 1 4 4 3 3

AN EXAMPLE OF TWO-HANDEDNESS AND TWO-BRAINEDNESS.

These drawings were made with right and left hand simultaneously. The sets of figures were written, one by each hand at the same time. It will be observed that the figures are quite different.

"P.I.P." Farmer and Gardener.

French Honeysuckle.

The beautiful decorative plant which is illustrated attains a height of about 4ft., and produces flowers fully 4in. in diameter. The colour of the bloom is a soft, clear, sulphur yellow, with a conspicuous maroon blotch at the base of each petal. The blooms are only ephemeral, but they are borne in large numbers, and in quick succession, and make a splendid display for a long time. In habit



FRENCH HONEYSUCKLE.

the plant resembles the ricinus, with deep green leaves, which render it very ornamental, even when not in flower. It is very effective in pots for greenhouse decoration, or it makes splendid specimens in beds or borders. Although a perennial plant, the French honeysuckle may be treated as a half-hardy annual.

Flowering Bulbs in Glasses.

It is always interesting to watch the growth of flowering bulbs in glasses, and some beautiful blooms by this method may be obtained, says a writer in the *Estates Gazette*. When the flowers are full out, charming in their exquisite forms and colours, and delightful in their perfume, the one great anxiety is to get them to remain as long effective or perfect as possible, and to do this extremes must be avoided in their treatment. When water is used to fill up the glasses, let it be about 60deg. in warmth. If hot or cold, it will check them. They should not be kept in positions in the room where they are in a warm, dry air at one time and in cold and damp another. Nothing will cause them to wither more quickly. A mantelpiece is not a good place for them; it is too near the fire. Near the window is better, but they should be moved about wherever the air is temperate and dry, and the blossoms will continue gay, perfect, and wholly pleasing for a surprisingly long time. Full light is better for them than semi-darkness, but they should not be exposed when open to sunshine.

Preparing Oyster Shells.

Broken oyster shells are beneficial to fowls, as they aid in the formation of egg-shells. When preparing them for use they should not be burnt, as this simply converts them into carbonate of lime, equivalent to common chalk. The best way is to place the shells in lime. Put some unslaked lime in a galvanised iron pail, and having thrown the shells in the lime to slake it, throw an old sack over the pail, and the heat generated in slacking the lime will destroy any decomposing animal matter adhering to the oyster shells, and purify them without volatilising the valuable chemicals they contain. Let them remain in the lime for a day or two, then expose them to the action of the atmosphere until they are required for use. The lime may be saved and utilised for limewashing. A grit crusher will assist greatly when breaking the shells. The broken shells should be placed in a small box at a convenient height in the run, so that the birds may help themselves; the box should be kept constantly filled.

Fruit Trees and Bushes.

All planting operations must now be finished right off the reel. Trees that have been laid in since autumn (those lifted now will have little chance) will, on being taken from the land, be found to have their roots covered with small white rootlets. If these rootlets are examined under a microscope it will be seen that they are covered with still more minute root hairs. March winds are proverbial dust makers, and while this is good for the land their desiccating influences are fatal to these tender root feeders. The planter must remember this, and have at hand plenty of wet mats and bags, so that, as the trees and bushes are laid in the vans or barrows, the damp coverings may be put over their roots at once. When the trees are laid on the ground near their final resting places, awaiting the planter, their roots must be covered at once, as upon this depends the life and future well-being of the trees.

Making Hotbeds.

This is a work that will now be occupying the attention of those growers who are able to get a good stock of manure. As a rule, this manure does not receive sufficient working to ensure a mild and lasting heat, says a writer in the *Market Gardener*. The manure should be shaken out and damped where there is any sign of dryness. The long straw should be kept in for this work, as it is really this that gives the long continued heat. If the manure is quite fresh, three or four turnings will be necessary, continued over a period of about fourteen days. If spent tan is to be had from the tanyard for the purpose of hotbed making, two loads may be mixed with every six tons of manure. This will cause the heat to be more regular and also much longer in duration. There are not so many tanyards about as formerly, but it is to be feared that market men forget to take advantage of this material when they get a chance.

Beds for raising cucumber, marrow, and similar seeds that require a fair temperature should be built up at from 3ft. to 4ft. thick, but, if wanted for planting out marrows, or raising half-hardy things, then 2ft. thick will be sufficient. If a rood, or even an acre, of land can be covered at that depth completely, and can then be covered with the light cases with 4ft. 6in. or 6ft. lights, vast quantities of early salads can be grown in some of them, and in others marrows may be planted by the end of March or the first week in April.

The lights that are to grow marrows should

first produce a crop of radishes. Good rich soil must be used for these frames, put in to a depth of 6in. Later on, when May comes in, pieces of quartering can be laid across the frames and the lights be laid on these. In this way the marrow plants can be protected, and they will be able to run out from under the lights as they list. After about the 25th of the month the lights can be taken from the marrows and be put on to deeper frames for summer cucumbers. Where the hotbed system is so carried out, lin. water pipes may be laid along on the manure fitted with taps and unions at intervals, so that moderate lengths of hose can be put on for watering.

On Bedding-plants.

Cuttings should now be taken from verbenas, lobelias, heliotropes, and other plants that were placed in heat last month. In preparing a pot or pan for cuttings, see that it is perfectly clean; place an inch or so of broken pots in it, and spread over these a thin layer of dry moss, then fill up to within half-an-inch of its rim with fine soil composed of light loam, leaf-soil, and a liberal quantity of sand; press firmly, and make the surface quite smooth, then cover with a thin layer of silver-sand; insert the cuttings firmly, and give them a good watering and a night temperature of about 70deg. *Begonia ascotensis* is a valuable bedding-plant, but not so much employed as it deserves to be; cuttings of it may be propagated during this month, potted singly when rooted, and grown on in moderate heat through March and April, carefully hardened in May, and planted out in sheltered situations in June. It has a very graceful habit of growth, resembling the fuchsia, and makes a pleasing bed; it is especially suitable for mixing in beds of bournon and other late flowering roses, and when associated with these it has a charming effect. The ricinus should be sown singly in small pots, and as soon as the plants appear keep them near to the glass to prevent drawing. Where an early display of hardy annuals, to succeed those sown in autumn, are appreciated, sow now in pots. *Viscaria*, profuse flowering hardy



VISCARIA: A GOOD BEDDING-PLANT.

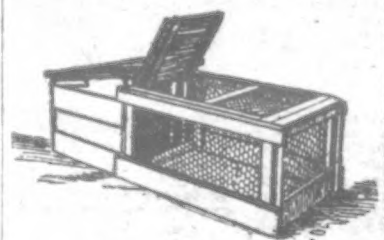
annuals, are among the most useful plants for the mixed borders.

The hardening of all bedding-plants must be carried out in May. This is a very important proceeding, and must be done carefully and gradually. Perhaps more plants

are injured and made all but useless through thoughtlessness and want of experience in this respect than from any other cause. Plants of all kinds, even perfectly hardy ones, when raised and grown in heat, require gradually hardening. Great care must be taken in wintering, propagating, and establishing a good and creditable stock; but if allowed to receive a sudden check, by being prematurely exposed to cold, all that care and labour will be in a great measure lost; for the plants will take a long time to recover, if they ever do so, and will consequently fail to give satisfaction in the flower garden.

Poultry-box and Coop.

The combination sitting-box and coop, of which I give an illustration, should meet the requirements of my Heathfield correspondent, who asks for particulars of a contrivance for the cooping up of hens with chickens. It is of a novel design, both the roof and walls



POULTRY-BOX AND COOP.

being made in sections, and it is provided with original grooved corner supports, which enables any intelligent child to put it together, or take it apart in a few minutes for cleaning purposes. My drawing describes it quite fully. The run is detachable and folding, and, with the coop, is very strongly made, and well painted with two coats of best oil paint. An additional advantage is that the coop and run can be packed quite flat for winter storage. They are also very cheap, considering their value for rearing chickens.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INVENTOR.—Your best plan would be to consult a firm of Patent Agents. The cost of a British patent varies according to the nature of the invention. Provisional protection for nine months usually costs about £3 3s. to £4 4s.

C. L. D.—The Cunard Liners Company carries a crew of about 450. The same company's steamer *Lucania* burns on an average between 500 and 600 tons of coal per 24 hours.

PERPLEXED (Glasgow).—The last general election was in 1900, and the present Government has been in power since that time. General Sir Redvers Buller was Under-Secretary for Ireland in 1897.

FREEMASON.—The Duke of Norfolk has always been a Roman Catholic. It was the Marquis of Ripon who, on joining the Church of Rome, resigned the Grand Mastership of the Freemasons, which gained in strength, and obtained a Royal Grand Master.

SECURE THIS BOOK

Every single reader of this paper should secure a copy of H. SAMUEL'S

FREE BARGAIN GUIDE

and study carefully the merits of the splendid money-saving proposition there submitted to the consideration of careful buyers.

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Heavily-Plated Tea and Coffee Pots; also Four-Bottle Dinner Cruets	5/6
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Besides many direct-price values in CUTLERY, WATCHES, PLATE, SILVERWARE, &c.

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THE "ACME" LEVER WATCH.
Solid Silver (stamped) Cases. All patented improvements. Seven years' full warranty given with every "ACME".

25/-

ALL STOUT PERSONS

should send for a free trial of FELL'S REDUCING TABLETS. Takes off fat 7lb. a week without restrictions in diet. Harmless; sure. Address—FELL FORMULA ASSOCIATION, 155 Century House, 205 Regent Street, London, W.

WEAK EYES

that quickly tire, cannot bear bright light, and both look and feel sore, are cured by SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT. This marvellous remedy has 300 years' reputation and is sold by all chemists and stores in ancient pedestal pots for 2s. each. If kept by you it will not lose its healing virtues. Send to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Rd., London, for the little book "How to Preserve the Eyesight." This should be seen by all who suffer from any eye trouble.

FWS

Lut's Leathley's New Spring AND Summer Dress Fabrics

READY FOR THE SPRING & SUMMER.

One's thoughts naturally turn to Spring and Summer things. Days are getting longer and lighter, and what was suitable for dull and dirty weather now begins to call for a warm-out appearance.

The collection of Dress Fabrics which we have just got together will more than delight you. It shows some really exquisite creations, and all are marked at low figures. For instance:—

COTTON BLOUSE FABRICS
from 3d. per yard. Muslins, Taffetines, Zephyrs, Cambric Prints, Delaines, Nainsook, &c.

WOOLLEN & SILK FABRICS
for Blouses, from 1/- per yard.

DRESS FABRICS
in all conceivable styles of the latest fashion, including Linens, Shirtings, Cashmeres, Crepeolines, Tennis Flannels, Eoline Tweeds, Checks, Cherties, Suitings, &c., &c. Also a very choice selection of Black Fabrics from 6d. to 3/6 per yard.

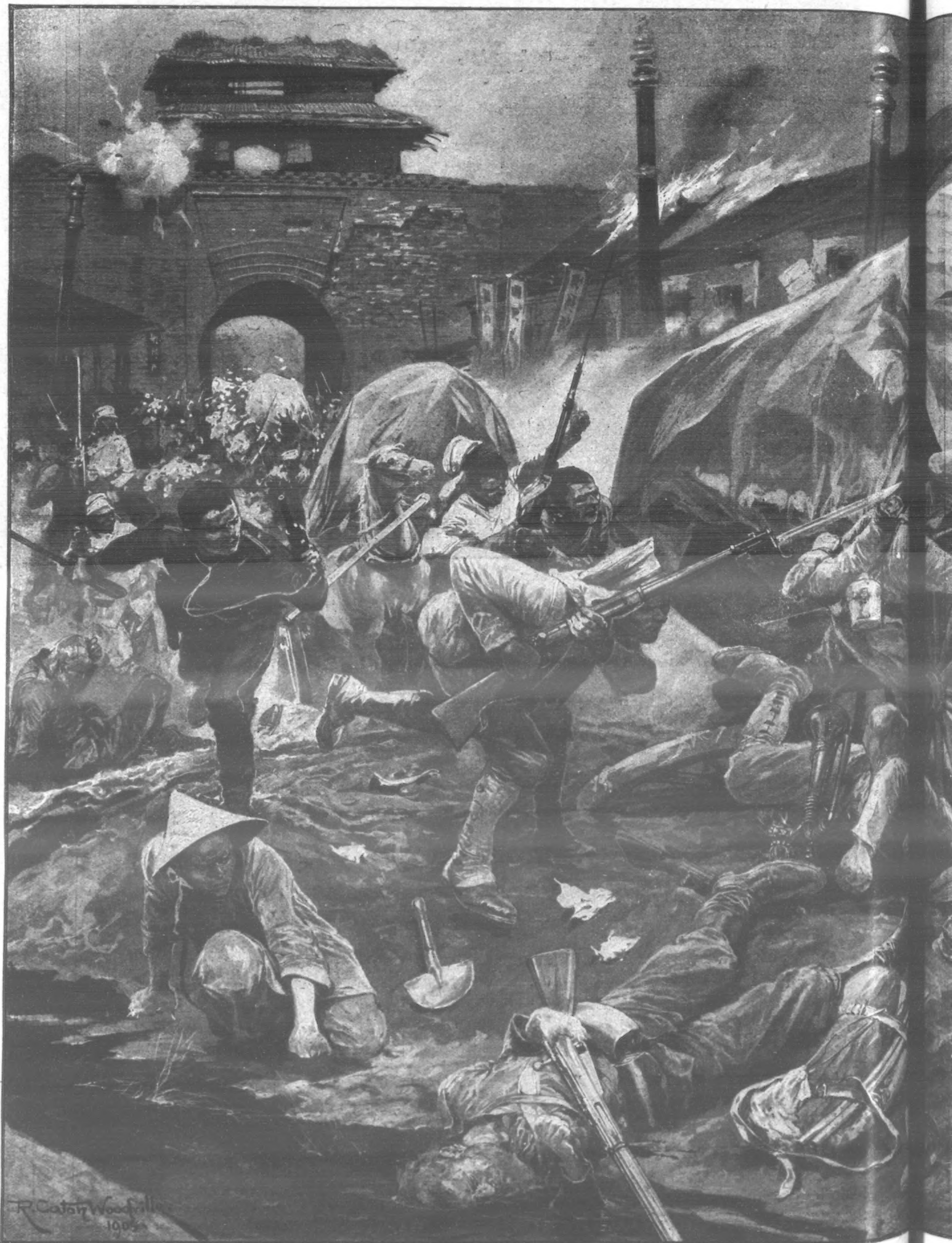
A Real Treat for any lady to examine the patterns. Extensive variety, beautiful materials, reliable quality, most of all value.

Patterns (over 100 varieties) now ready, submitted Post Free ON APPROVAL. GRAND PRESENTS with orders.

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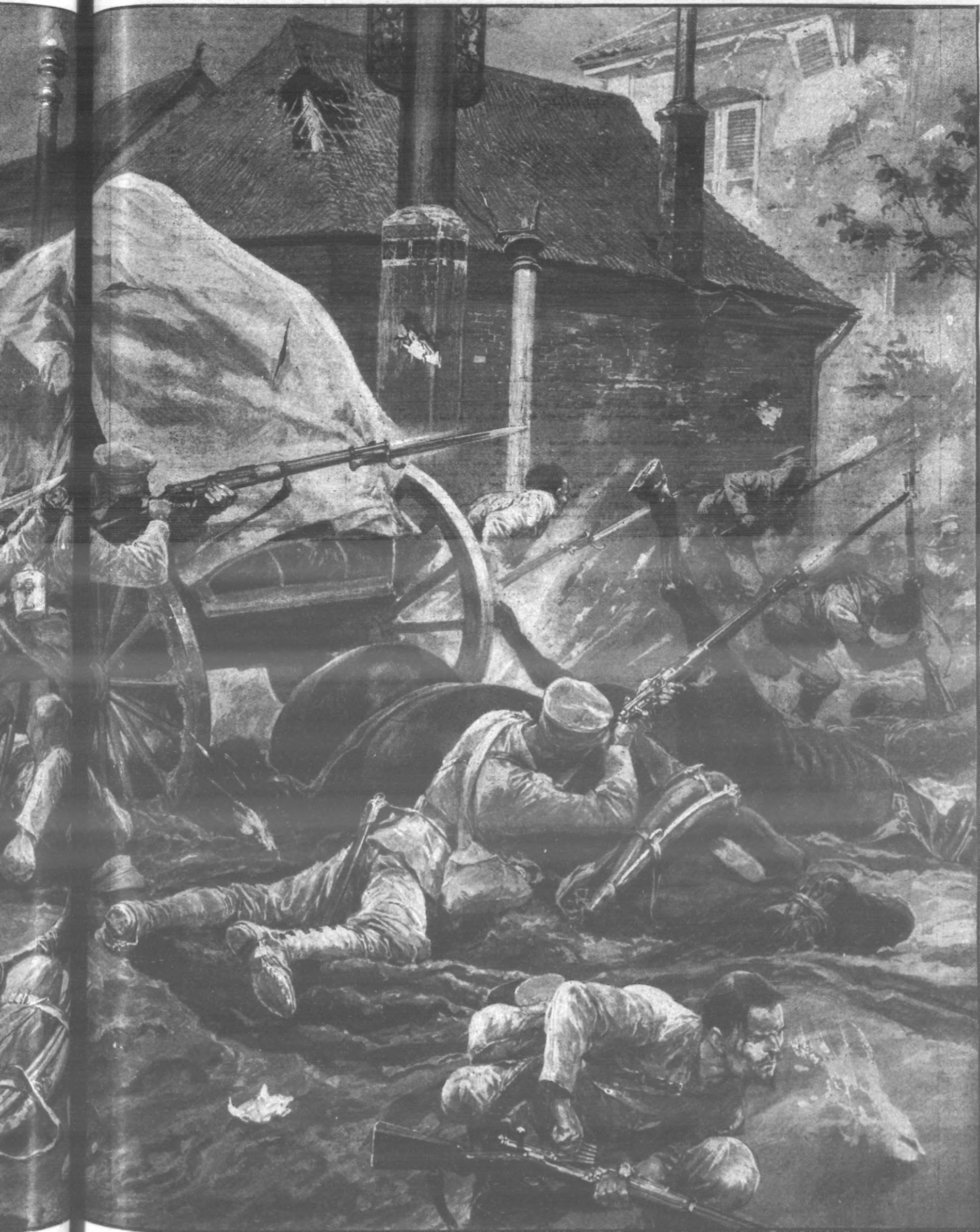
LUTAS LEATHLEY & CO.
Summer Dept. 68, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

THE CAPTURE OF MUKDEN: VICTORIOUS JAPANESE



After prolonged fighting the Japanese have at length taken Mukden. The resistance on the part of Kuropatkin's troops to take up quarters in the city. This is

JAPANESE CARRYING THE STREETS.—Drawn by R. CATON WOODVILLE.



Kuropatkin was desperate, but in the end they had to give way to their adversaries. Marshal Oyama has forbidden order to preserve the sacred character of the place.

Consumption Can be Cured.



Derk P. Yonkerman, Specialist, whose discovery of a Cure for Consumption has started the World.

Marvellous as it may seem after the centuries of failure, a cure for consumption has at last been found. After twenty years of almost ceaseless research and experiment in his laboratory, the now renowned specialist, Derk P. Yonkerman, has discovered a specific which has cured the deadly Consumption even in its far advanced stages. In many cases, though all other remedies tried had failed and changes of climate were unable to check the progress of the disease, this wonderful specific has conclusively proved its power to cure.

Whatever your position in life may be, if you are in consumption, or suffer from asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, or any throat or lung trouble, this cure is within your reach, for it is a home treatment and need not interfere in any way with your daily occupation. Prove for yourself its healing power.

ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Simply send your name and address to the Derk P. Yonkerman Co., Ltd., Dept. 570, 6, Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and they will post to you a free trial treatment of this remarkable remedy.

Don't hesitate or delay if you have any of the symptoms of consumption. If you have chronic catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, pains in your chest, a cold on your lungs, or any throat or lung trouble, write to-day for the free trial treatment and full instructions, and cure yourself before it is too late.

HAVE YOU A BAD LEG?

WITH Wounds that discharge or otherwise, perhaps surrounded with inflammation, and so swollen that when you press your finger on the inflamed part it leaves the impression? If so, under the skin you have poison which, if not extracted, will cause you suffering till death releases you. Perhaps your knees are swollen, the joints being ulcerated; the same with the ankles, round which the skin may be discoloured, or there may be wounds. The disease, if allowed to continue, will deprive you of the power to walk. You may have attended various hospitals, and had medical advice and been told your case is hopeless or advised to submit to amputation; but do not, for I CAN CURE YOU. I don't say perhaps; but I WILL. Numbers have consulted me and been cured, after suffering from one to twenty years. If possible call, or send a Postal Order for 2s. 6d., to ALBERT, 73A, Farringdon Street, London, and you will receive a box of

GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT AND PILLS,

which is a Certain Remedy for the Cure of Bad Legs, Housemaid's Knee, Ulcerated Joints, Carbuncles, Poisoned Hands, and Bunions. (Registered Copyright.)

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

"The Prodigal Son" at Drury Lane, in September next, will have some sensational scenes of remarkable power. Mr. Arthur Collins has joined Mr. Hall Caine at St. Moritz to consult the author of "The Prodigal Son" as to a tremendous snowstorm to be introduced in the play, and also another scene of the gaming tables at Monte Carlo. The late Sir Augustus Harris had an idea of working up the Monte Carlo scene for a Drury Lane play, and Mr. Henry Pettitt joined him at Nice to study the subject. But both author and manager found matters much too quiet at the gaming tables to suit their purpose. The gamblers, instead of frantic excitement, as described by writers of fiction, ending frequently with suicide, took their losses with stoical coolness; but Mr. Hall Caine will, I believe, in "The Prodigal Son," somewhat heighten the colouring of the scene.

Wolverhampton in honouring Sir Henry Irving has honoured itself. Owing to the indisposition of the distinguished actor, the mayor (Mr. Barrington) presented the address, in a silver casket of handsome design, privately at Sir Henry Irving's hotel on Wednesday. The address contained the following passage: "The stage, formerly the subject of severe criticism and reproach, has now, mainly through your true conception of its needs, become purified and elevated in its tone." The address further compliments the actor on his endeavours to revive the works of Shakespeare and to act them as the poet intended. Sir Henry, evidently moved, replied in his customary graceful manner.

Sir Squire Bancroft has read a paper at the Royal Institution in which he has touched in a genial manner on some of the requirements of the modern stage, while he has pleasantly referred to his recollections of the past, which included his presentation of Robertson's comedies, which, although called the "Cap and Saver School," still exercise considerable influence owing to their truth to nature and simple pathos. I should indeed be glad if we had any dramatist at the present day who produced such good results with so little pretence as Robertson has done in "Caste," "Ours," "School," &c. He was perhaps rightly accused of piling up the sentiment, but modern writers aim at doing without sentiment altogether.

Mr. Edward Terry on Friday reached his sixty-first birthday. May he live many and many a year to delight his admirers with his admirable gifts as a comedian. Born in London, Mr. Terry made his first appearance on any stage at the Mechanics' Institution, Christchurch, Hants, as Wormwood in the farce of "The Lottery Ticket." Mr. Terry made his first appearance on the London stage at the Surrey Theatre, September, 1867, in a farce called "A Cure for the Fidgets"; in 1869 he joined the Strand company, and played in Byron's burlesque "The Pilgrim of Love." He was most successful, and was highly complimented by the

critics. As a comic singer he was also proficient, his quaint and grotesque tones being most amusing and fantastic. He played in many burlesques, one of them being "St. George and the Dragon," by Burnand. I need hardly speak of his great talent in comedy, displayed as it has been in important characters from Shakespeare's plays and other standard comedies. Mr. Terry is as popular in America as in London, and his high personal character has gained him the regard of the entire theatrical profession.

The Vicar of Gorleston is becoming quite a dramatist. He has just completed another play called "Lord Danby's Love Affair," and Miss Constance Collier, the charming actress who has acted so successfully with Mr. Tree, is about to take the Vicar's play on tour, herself appearing as the heroine, a part in which she is certain to command admiration.

I wish those who concoct pantomime libretto would go back to the simple nursery tales that pleased us when children. A friend tells me that something of the kind was tried at Bristol, with the result that the Theatre Royal was crammed up to the last night. The subject was our old friend "Robinson Crusoe."



A CHARMING PICTURE OF MISS AGNES FRASER, now appearing in "The Talk of the Town" at the Lyric.

Photo, Stage Pictorial.

The final performance of "Much Ado About Nothing" will take place on Saturday, the 25th inst., at a *matinée*. On the same evening Mr. Tree will revive for a short period "A Man's Shadow," in which he appeared recently at Windsor Castle. The play was first produced at the Haymarket in 1889, and I remember vividly the great impression the actor made on that occasion. Also the very fine acting of Mr. Fernandez, who played as the counsel.

Several theatres recently closed have been, or are to be shortly, re-opened. At the Strand "Off the Rank," a new farcical comedy, is now being presented. This week the Savoy re-opens with "Madame Du Barri." Mr. Seymour Hicks intends to turn "David Garrick" into a musical comedy, with himself and his charming wife as the hero and heroine.

"Leah Kleschnar," in which Miss Lena Ashwell is shortly to appear in London, was produced at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, on December 12th last. It is an exciting story. Leah Kleschnar has been sent to steal the jewellery of M. Sylvaire, a French member of Parliament, but when Leah meets him he is so attracted by her that he implores her to change her mode

of life. Unfortunately Leah is in the power of a scoundrel named Berton, who, in spite of her, obtains the jewels, and her father also is sought by the police. Leah assists him to escape, and they reach their native place, a village in Austria, where, three years after, M. Sylvaire discovers Leah and marries her. I anticipate a very fine performance of the heroine by Miss Ashwell, while Sir Charles Wyndham can hardly fail to make M. Sylvaire a striking part. At the conclusion of the run of "Leah Kleschnar" Miss Lena Ashwell intends to join Mr. William Greet in the management of a West-end Theatre, and one of their earliest productions will be Mr. Michael Morton's "Birds of Passage," an adaptation of Maurice Dumay's "Oiseaux de Passage."

Mr. Tree, in going to Oxford to dine with the Olympian Dramatic Club, intends to play "Hamlet" in a novel style. He will dispense with scenery and properties, but this will not change his ideas respecting other plays of Shakespeare. He maintains that, of all the great poet's dramas, "Hamlet" is the most suitable for such treatment.

The new drama, "Elga," by Hauptmann, produced recently with such success in Berlin, is founded on a singular story told by a monk. Grillparzer, the Sicilian dramatist, tells the original story under the title of *The Cloister of Soudonier*. The monk tells of his having been married, but of his wife proving false. He first kills her, then seeks the seclusion of the cloister. Hauptmann in his play makes the wife's partner in guilt the victim of the husband's jealousy and revenge. After which he seeks to win the wife's affection, but in vain. The play is accompanied throughout by a monkish chant, and the author calls his piece a *Nocturne*, and the monk tells his tragical story to a German knight who visits the monastery.

Mr. Tree is a manager of the greatest ability. An actor ditto, ditto. But, with all his talent and experience, he sometimes makes a mistake, and "Agatha" is one of them. I don't care that Mrs. Humphry Ward has written it. Mrs. Humphry Ward can write a good novel, but "Agatha" is not for the modern stage or for modern life, or, in fact, is it in any degree suitable for modern ideas. "Agatha" belongs to the last century, to the days of Miss Austin, whose priggish lovers and tight-laced heroines delighted our grandmothers, and whose stilted dialogues are so destitute of humour, wit, and poetry. *Robert Elsmere* won the good opinions of Mr. Gladstone, and sold by thousands in America, but it was not a play. Nor is "Agatha."

On Monday last the Prince and Princess of Wales visited the Hippodrome, and were especially interested in the Giant Machnow, supposed to be the biggest man in the world.

"Veronique," at the Apollo last Saturday, reached its three hundredth night, and still seems full of vitality. THE PROMPTER.



SPECIAL "P.I.P." SKETCHES OF THE NEW ALHAMBRA BALLET, "MY LADY NICOTINE."

Mr. J. N. Maskelyne talks on the subject of "Spiritualism and Humbug" in this week's "SMITH'S WEEKLY." ONE PENNY.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

WHEN the rollers of a mangle begin to wear, get some stout calico and sew it tightly round. This will greatly preserve the rollers.

Mangle Rollers.

TAKE two small lettuces, one pint and a half of thin stock, one yolk of egg, one gill of milk, seasoning of salt and pepper.

Lettuce Soup.

First warm the stock, and with a sheet of kitchen paper remove all the fat. Wash the lettuces well, take away the outside leaves, slice the centre leaves very thin, and add to the stock. Add salt and pepper, and boil gently for half an hour. Beat thoroughly, in a basin, the yolk of an egg and the milk, and add to them a little of the stock from the saucepan. Then pour together and stir over the fire till the yolk of egg begins to thicken. Serve at once with grated Parmesan cheese.

BREAK two pounds of cold boiled fish into pieces and remove all bones. Boil four ounces of rice in salted water and drain it thoroughly. Melt one

Savoury Fish and Rice.

and a half ounces of dripping or butter in a stew-pan, put in the fish and rice, and stir all together. Season with salt, white pepper, and a suspicion of cayenne. Add one ounce of grated cheese, and, when all is hot, dish up; scatter one ounce more cheese over the top and a dusting of chopped parsley. Put a small piece of dripping here and there on the pile, and brown in the oven. Just before serving pour a little white sauce round the dish.

If you do not use any of the advertised polishes, make a paste with paraffin of a very little powdered ammonia and plenty of fine emery powder. Scour with this and then polish with a leather or cloths.

To Clean a Brass Fender.

"KRAMER'S LOZENGES cure the worst cough."
Quick Relief—
Sure Relief—
Cheap Relief—
"For this Relief—much thanks."—Shakespeare. Sold in this only, 13jd. each, everywhere.—[ADVT.]

LINE a pie-dish with good puff paste and bake it to a delicate brown. Meanwhile make a boiled custard of three yolks of eggs, half a pint of milk, and sugar to taste. Have ready half a pint of good thick apple sauce. When the pastry is baked, put a layer of apple sauce into it, then a thin layer of red-currant jelly. Over this slowly pour the cold custard. Have ready baked straws of pastry cut the length and width of the tart. Put these on the custard lattice fashion, and set in the oven for five minutes.

PARAFFIN is an excellent cleanser. A tablespoonful added to the copper will much improve the colour of kitchen clothes, towels, etc., and the disagreeable odour will depart in the course of rinsing and drying. For a much soiled earthenware sink paraffin is excellent. Rub it on with a flannel cloth, and then wash well with hot water and soda.

TAKE six bloaters with soft roes. Remove the latter and pepper them lightly with cayenne. Inclose each in a small piece of buttered paper and grill quickly. Split and bone the bloaters, scald, and wipe dry. Dip into hot butter, squeeze over a little lemon juice, and grill carefully. Lay each fillet of bloater on a piece of buttered toast, remove the roes from their papers, and arrange one on each fillet. Serve very hot with a garnish of chopped parsley.

WHEN buying a stair carpet, get an extra yard and fold it in at each end. This extra length will enable you to shift the carpet somewhat higher, sometimes lower, and so to get it worn evenly. If this precaution be not taken, the edges of the stairs will be worn out while the untrodden part remains quite fresh and new looking.

THE ingredients are: One pound of salt, four pounds of sugar, one pound of sweet almonds, half a pound of green ginger, half a pound of garlic, two pounds of stoned raisins (weighed after stoning), one pound of mustard seeds, quarter of a pound of dried red chillies, eight pounds of finely chopped, unripe, juicy baking

apples, and six quarts of vinegar. Previous to blending these together, soak the green ginger in the vinegar for ten days. Pound all the ingredients separately in a mortar and moisten

with vinegar. When thoroughly pounded, mix all together in a stone jar, and stew in a large pan of water for a day over a very slow fire. When well cooked, the ingredients should be soft and thoroughly blended. When cold, place in bottle, cork, and tie over with bladder.

When washing sateen or any cotton fabric with a satin finish, put a little borax in the last rinsing water. This will cause the material to be glossy when ironed.

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A NURSERY TUNIC.
For a boy, age 4 to 6 years.
No. 15,515. Paper Pattern, 6jd.

To make a silk skirt keep fresh-looking, sew loops under the flounces, and hang it upside down when not in use. Hanging in this way, in the opposite direction to which they are worn, makes them stand out, and gives a skirt with somewhat crushed down flounces a new lease of life.

SCATTER salt on a carpet when sweeping, and you will not only find it has a cleansing effect, but that it also keeps away moths.

TAKE a pound and a half of beefsteak and cut it into good sized pieces; fry a light brown. Place the meat in an earthenware jar, adding pepper, salt, and just enough water to cover. Stick an onion with cloves and place it in the meat, tie the jar over securely, and let the contents cook in a slow oven for two or three hours. Before serving, strain off, skim, and thicken the gravy. Red-currant jelly must be handed with this dish and seasoning balls added to the meat whilst stewing.

THE largest size square-shaped clothes-basket, with a handle at each side, makes an excellent cot for a baby. Have a hair mattress made to fit the bottom of the basket, as hair is better to sleep on than feathers, though, in case of emergency, any ordinary pillow will do very well.

THE advantages of this kind of cot are many. It can be lifted about without disturbing the baby's slumbers; it is convenient for packing baby's clothes in when going away from home, and need only be covered over with a mackintosh sheet and some paper (to make it damp-proof and neat), and then tied round with a rope. On arrival, when the baby is tired and cross, there is his bed ready for him, and nurse or mother is free to attend to other things while the child sleeps. This form of cot is particularly safe, for, resting on its broad base, it is in no danger of being upset by the other small denizens of the nursery, or even by the baby.

When the child outgrows his first crib it can return to its original use as a clothes-basket, but in the meanwhile

it may be made as pretty and dainty as the most fond mother could desire. It may be covered inside and out with one thickness of wadding, and then with white or coloured sateen. Over that would be placed the laced-edged frills and furbelows of spotted or plain mu-lin proper to a bassinette, and the ribbons which are as necessary, apparently, to baby's happy slumbers as they are to the pride of his admiring and devoted mother.

THERE are very few young wives with husbands earning a fair salary who do not spend from a shilling of the Pence. to half a crown a week on trifles which they might very well do without. Those little extravagances at one shilling a week amount to quite enough to buy you a new carpet for the dining-room or a useful dress for yourself at the end of the year. Why not put away a shilling a week, if you have that to spare, in the Post Office Savings Bank? You would soon find more pleasure in seeing your little hoard growing than you would feel in buying the numerous little trifles which you really do not require. Then how useful that little hoard would be in case of sickness or whenever your husband's salary seemed inconveniently small! Sooner or later you would surely be thankful to draw upon it, though it might not be till the baby lying sleeping in its cradle has to be started in life in some trade or profession.

It will take a certain amount of courage and self denial to save part of your husband's earnings each week; but, even if you can put by only a few pence at a time, do it. Even pence make pounds in the long-run, and they are well worth saving.

Patterns of the garments illustrated on this page may be obtained from our office.

When ordering patterns, address the letter to "ISOBEL," PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., quoting the No. of the pattern required. When remitting money, ladies are requested to send amounts of or exceeding a shilling by Postal Order. It is also desired that stamps should be sent in the sheet and not separated.

Don't Look Old.—With advancing years greyer increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large bottles eye-where.—[ADVT.]

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A MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
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"MAKES HOME, SWEET HOME
IN DEED."

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How many times have you been told in the past two years that rupture could not be cured? And have you believed such a statement without even making an effort to find out if it was a true one? Is it to save you a few pence? Is it because you cannot believe the statements of your fellow men? Put yourself in their place. Would you consent to have your name given to the world as one who had been cured of rupture if it were not the truth? No, of course not, and neither would anyone else who has the slightest self-respect. Are you doing justice to yourself or to the family dependent upon your efforts, or to such members of your family as are ruptured, by prolonging the suffering a rupture causes? Think the matter over carefully and see if you have any good reason to doubt the statement that rupture can be cured.

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A FOOL AND HIS MONEY;

Or, THE MARRABLE MILLIONS.

A TALE OF LONDON LIFE.

By HENRY T. JOHNSON, Author of "With This Ring,"
"The Devil's Advocate," &c., &c.

"CALL ME NOT FOOL TILL HEAVEN HATH SENT ME FORTUNE."

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

CHAPTER XXXII.—Continued.

DAFFS' HOLIDAY.

"YOU dear Daffs!" exclaimed Doris. "You've brought a burst of sunshine into my life just when it was most overshadowed." "Why, then, Sister," said Daffs, "that's just how it should be, for your dear face was like sunshine to me when I lay in the shadow almost of the Dark Valley." Then, because she was on the point of tears, she broke into a merry laugh. "Oh, Sister Doris, you must come up to London and hear my new song at the Alcazar, it's rippin'! I come on as a guardsman in dress uniform, staff cap, black frogged frock coat with a red sash, and such a fetching sword in steel scabbard! And aren't the band-parts rippling—roll of kettledrums, then the revally on the trumpet. It goes like this:—

"Scots Guards, Irish Guards, Cold-streams, Grenadiers;
Horse Guards Blue, Life Guards, too. Listen to the cheers!
See the sabres gleaming, plumes all red and white,
Big black bearskin busbies, rows of bay'nets bright!
We can take a hand at any game upon the cards,
Oh, it's doosid rippin' bein' in the Guards!"

Doris loosened the reins, clapped her hands, and the two girls laughed in unison. A pair-horse carriage swept round the bend of the lane.

Lady Fontenoy interrupted Jarvis Lynne's exordium of remonstrance at her laxity of treatment of her tenants, her over-indulgence of her farm hands and servants. The carriage and the pony chaise stopped side by side. Her ladyship peered at Daffs through her lorgnette. Jarvis recognised her with a scowl.

"Doris? I thought you were driving alone—sick-visiting? Please introduce your companion."

She bent her brows painfully as Doris stammered out, "Mother, this is—er—Daphne Dale—Daffs. Lady Fontenoy, my mother, and Mr. Jarvis Lynne."

Her ladyship bowed severely. "Staying in the neighbourhood, I presume? I don't know of any Dales residing in these parts."

"I was staying at the pub-hotel—the 'Fontenoy Arms,' not thinking they were Sister Doris's and your ladyship's," said Daffs, and Lady Fontenoy's frown deepened.

"I heard some person singing just now—a rather frivolous song, it seemed. But I don't see any one else along the lane."

"Oh, that was me!" Daffs, regardless of prudence as of grammar, blurted out. "It's my latest 'hit' at hall the 'ells—I mean hit at all the hells."

Daffs' announcement fell like a thunderclap—or her "h's." "The hells?" her ladyship inquired, and Lynne hastened to improve the occasion.

"Yes, Miss Daphne Dale sings and dances at several of the London music-halls. I think I remember seeing you, Doris, at one of them in company with Dr. Challis."

"I remember the night," said Daffs gleefully. "The Doc was so taken with my little number, 'The Shop Girl Out of a Shop.'"

Then she read the freezing expression in Lady Fontenoy's face, and simultaneously saw Jarvis Lynne's game—how he had drawn her out.

"It would have been strange if I had not remembered," she continued speaking to Lady Fontenoy, "seeing how good they both had been to me when I lay almost at death's door. Strange indeed if I had failed to remember those named in my prayers each night—the truest man and the sweetest girl, the most perfect gentleman and lady, I have ever met in all my days."

The look in Doris Fontenoy's eyes spoke a thousand thanks for that tribute to Jack Challis. But her ladyship's frigidity rather intensified than relaxed.

"Doris," said her ladyship in a hard, cold voice. "I have several matters of immediate importance to discuss with you. Do you think you—this lady would mind if I took you back to the Hall in the carriage, and Mr. Lynne drove her back to the—eh—inn?"

"I don't mind, my lady," said the cheerful Daffs. "Look here, Sister Doris, dear, I'll get out now and walk back to the inn, and you can drive the chaise back to the 'All, I mean Hall, at once." And ere Doris could stay her she had stepped down and was well on her way towards the town.

"I congratulate you upon your acquaintance," said her mother sarcastically, and she answered in perfect sincerity—

"Thank you, mother, dear! Believe me, the world would be all the better were all friends as true as she!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WRECKERS—A SINKING SHIP—AND SOME RATS!

THE rumours that had been steadily gaining ground increased in number, volume, and velocity. The Marrable millionaire was on the down grade. His losses at the card table, and in Stock Exchange transactions were the theme of public comment, club, railway carriage, and newspaper talk. The record of the story of the "Three Black Crows" was broken as to speed and increase of bulk and number.

People who had never seen Marmaduke Finch's signature averred that to their certain knowledge he had paper on the market to the extent of a million, and that his acceptances could be bought at the rate of £5 per £100. It was confidently asserted that he had lost £500,000 to Mr. Richard Barcaldyne, who had certainly paid off all his creditors, and was cutting a tremendous dash.

Kibbles and Garbidge, the solicitors who had engineered his claim to the

plunges, and Kibbles and Garbidge intimated that, and if they would, they could a tale unfold of a client's base ingratitude.

They mentioned no word of certain representations made to them by Blandy, Briggs, and Blandy concerning certain instruments drawn by Kibbles and Garbidge, and signed by Marmaduke Finch, under such circumstances and on such pretences that Blandy and Blandy threatened to bring such instruments before the notice of the Courts and of the Incorporated Law Society. They said nothing as to certain interviews whereat Kibbles and Garbidge and Ezra Zackary as well, stormed and threatened Cornelius Blandy, until at last storming changed to argument and coaxing, these in turn to appeal—appeal to hints of compromise, and these hints at last to absolute and open attempts at bribery, when the till then imperturbable Cornelius Blandy, his gold-rimmed spectacles flashing fire, in his turn took an attitude of threats—threats before which Kibbles and Garbidge, and Ezra Zackary as well, squirmed and cringed, and made haste to offer to disgorge.

And so the rumours of Marmaduke's débâcle accumulated volume and velocity, like a snowball set rolling down a mountain slope, just as he was rumoured to be rolling, except that he was losing substance with every rotation.

And those who had never known him, and who knew only of him just what they had heard, declared it served him right, that it was only poetic justice that one who had done and deserved nothing and yet obtained so much should lose all or nearly all. And those who had known him, and been eager a little while ago to proclaim the fact, began to cease to know him, became short of sight and memory.

True, certain people were anxious to scrape acquaintance with him; people who traded in debts and financial wreckage; people anxious to buy for a song anything for which he had paid treble its value; people ready to clear off for him any liabilities costing him sixty per cent. per annum, replacing them with others at five hundred per cent.; people whose trade is the aiding and abetting the prodigal to stave off the evil day—at a price! And such a price!

These also Blandy dealt with, greatly to their vexation. Some of them appealed to him to live and let live. He chuckled. "Precious poor chance Finch will have of living with your pack at his neck."

"I wasn't talking of Mr. Finch, but of ourselves," said the dealer in autographs—on bill stamps and parchments.

you can remember, and let us try and see how matters stand."

He dotted down some figures so big and so many that the big sheet was hardly big enough, and she paled with consternation and anger.

"I knew you were a—," she paused—"a careless absurd person," she substituted, "but I hardly thought so poorly of you as all this. Why, if you go on at this rate, they'll have every penny out of you."

"That won't matter, will it?" he said with a fond if fatuous glance, "So long as they leave you me—Belle?"

"Oh!" She checked the words on her lips, which she bit with vexation. "Now, come on, add these figures up."

"Oh, hang it, I never could add!" he protested.

"It makes my head ache. Besides there's such a lot more. I often think, Belle, how ripping it would be to let the vultures take all the lot and go and live in a jolly nice little cottage somewhere up the river. Yes, you—and love—in a cottage—that would just suit me."

"But not me," replied the lady promptly. Then after a thoughtful pause she said: "It strikes me the best thing that could happen to you would be to carry out the suggestion of my—er—of a friend of mine and give—er—someone you can trust a power of attorney—I think they call it—over all your property and affairs."

"Capital idea, but I'm afraid easier said than done. You see the lawyers raise such obstacles," demurred Mr. Finch.

"It was a lawyer—my lawyer, who suggested it," Mrs. Bellasis hastened to explain, thus confirming Mr. Finch's guess. "Why not consult him, and then, after making everything over to me—I mean to someone you can rely upon—clear out of London and the clutches of the gang who are fleecing you? Why not a motor tour abroad?"

"Capital! Capital!" exclaimed Mr. Finch delightedly. Then his face fell. "Only, you see, the motor people have taken away my car."

"For repairs?"

"No; for the unpaid balance. They got a judgment or something against me, you know, and distrained, I think they call it."

"Distrained?" Mrs. Bellasis almost shrieked in horror, "why! Why on earth didn't you pay the people?"

"Well, to tell the truth," demurred Mr. Finch, "my bank balance has got so low, you see, I got Dick Barcaldyne to put me on to 'Golden Dreams Mining Shares.' Splendid investment."

"Investment? Splendid!" gasped

of wasps—wine merchants, horse-dealers, furniture people. It's quite annoying, but they talk of making me bankrupt, and that will get the whole thing over."

"You—you—" the words upon her lips were "unutterable idiot," but she restrained them, having just remembered something, and she went on. "You are sadly in need of guidance. Why on earth have you kept all this from me? Oh, by-the-by, I was telling you how I admired that diamond necklace and pendant at Clissold's in Bond Street!"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Finch, "and I said I'd buy them—and so I did—only there was some difficulty about the cheque at my bank, and Clissold's manager called and took the jewels away again. He was quite nasty about it, though I said they were a present for you. In fact I've decided not to deal with them again."

Then the lady's pent-up wrath and indignation broke bounds. "You mean to tell me that you are besieged by judgment creditors in droves, that they are contemplating making you a bankrupt, that your cheques are being dishonoured, your goods being distrained upon? Oh, you impostor, you fraud, you wretched little cheat! I believe it's all a swindle from beginning to end. I don't believe the Marrable Millions were millions at all—perhaps not tens of thousands—and you have dared to visit at my house, dared to take me out, to tell people you were making me presents, you vulgar, gutter-bred, contemptible outsider, I have done with you! I wash my hands of you; never dare to call on me or speak to me again!"

She swept out of the room, her breast heaving, her panting breath timing the frou-frou of her frock, went out just like a whirlwind, the door banging behind her like a gun.

Mr. Finch, left alone, plunged his hands deep in his pockets and whistled.

There was a tap at the door. Fawkes, his imperturbable manservant, desired the favour of a few words. Fawkes, had been offered another place—more suitable place—if Mr. Finch could make it convenient to waive a month's notice and accept a week's—he would take it as a favour, if less than a week as an even greater favour.

"Suppose we make it a day's notice, an hour's, a minute's notice?" said Mr. Finch.

"Perhaps it would be as well, sir," said the man, seizing the opportunity. "By-the-by, sir, there's a person waiting with a bill for cigars, says he's not to go without the money."

"Tell the man to call again," said Marmaduke. There was a sound of altercation, some hard words in a rasping voice, threats of the County Court, perhaps Police Court. After which Fawkes re-entered. "I've packed my traps, sir. May I trouble you for my wages?"

Marmaduke slowly made up and counted out the sum, which Fawkes, with a breath of relief, gathered up. Then he paused upon the threshold.

"Good day, sir."

"Good day, Fawkes."

"Thank you, sir! I—I'm sorry, sir, to hear things are turning out so bad. By the way, sir, I don't think I'm entitled to my money to the end of the month as you're letting me off without notice, and if you don't mind—"

"It's all right. They're not so bad as all that. Good day." The man was gone. All the rats were preparing to scuttle away from the sinking ship.

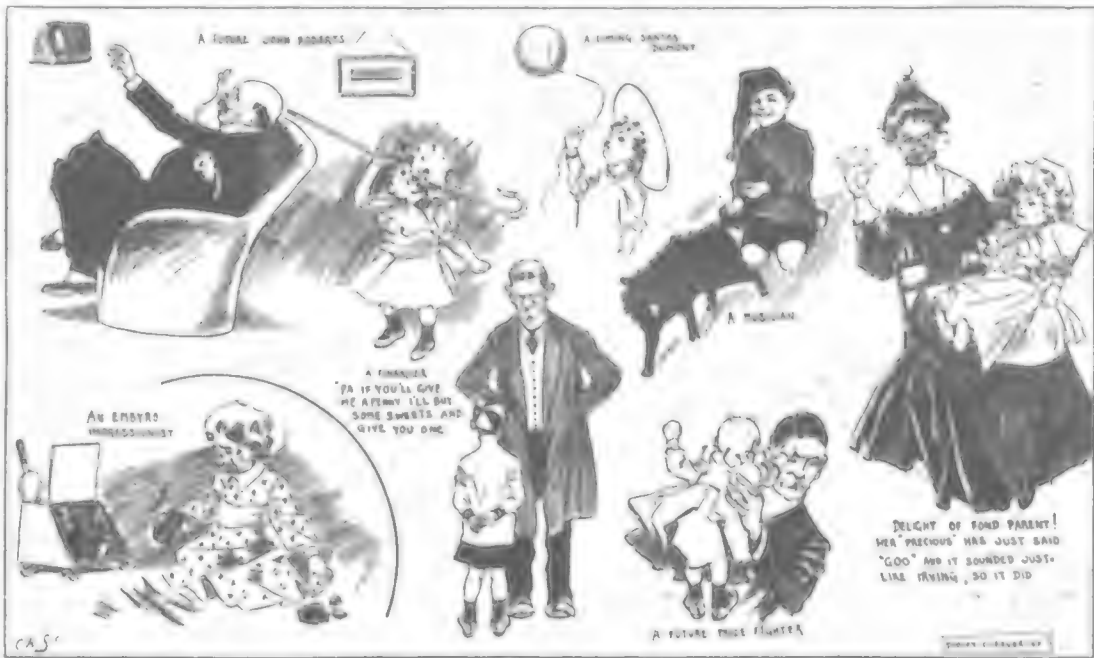
But the man, the servant, had felt a sort of pang, had expressed it, though laconically. But she with whom he had dreamed of sharing all, who had shared that dream, dreaming in millions, had, deeming the millions a dream and nothing more, left him with never a word of sorrow or pity for himself, with words only of rage and baffled greed, of scorn and of contumely. He had learned the truth, but it was a hard and bitter lesson, and he felt a something bursting in his heart and in his throat, and a shiny blur danced in his eyes!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ABANDONED.

AND now rumour was roaring what she had been whispering. The Marrable Millions were gone, had indeed never in reality and in full existed—so rumour declared. Marmaduke Finch, the Millionaire of yesterday, the pauper of the day before, was to-day again a pauper—poorer, indeed, than before, since he had lost many of the days of youth that then lay before him—lost them in scenes and circumstances yielding no corresponding profit.

Poorer than before, because in the days of the earlier poverty he had never had the wealth and the luxury of which he was now bereft.



THE BABY—WHAT WILL HE BECOME?

Sir Frederick Treves considers that the first irresponsible and spontaneous gestures of children may be an indication of their future mental capacity. Our artist has done his little best to put Sir Frederick Treves' idea in black and white.

Marrable millions, while at first surlily reticent, of a sudden became furiously communicative.

Yes, evidently Finch was in financial difficulties, they informed a pushful interviewer, the amount of his liabilities they could not specify, nor how they had been incurred, though, they said, Mr. Finch's plunges, both in City speculation and other forms of gambling, had been stupendous and notorious.

One thing they declared was certain. His affairs had been suddenly, and none too courteously taken—indeed, almost snatched out of their hands by another firm who had recently acted for Mr. Finch in various City

Mrs. Bellasis became frantic with alarm—beside herself with panic.

"What on earth have you been doing? What are you doing? What are you going to do?" she cried almost hysterically. "I'm hearing the most awful things about you!"

He laughed vacuously; she was just beginning to notice what a vacuous laugh he had, and how it jarred upon her. "What's it matter, between us?" he asked. "We shall be all the same to each other, shan't we?"

Evading this question, she exclaimed, "Don't be stupid. Come here. Just sit down at this writing table. Let us go in a matters. Dot down on this big sheet of paper all the liabilities

Mrs. Bellasis. "Why, you nincompoop, the thing's going into liquidation—the shares are only worth waste paper price. Good heavens! Things are worse than I ever dreamed."

"They are rather bad," said Marmaduke despondently. "But," and he brightened up, "I've got you—you'll be always mine."

She turned upon him a glance cold as steel and as hard. "I'm afraid," she said, "there's been a considerable amount of misunderstanding between us—mutual misunderstanding. By the way, have any other creditors obtained judgment against you?"

"Lots," he replied cheerfully. "They've swarmed round like a lot

Poorest of all, since then, poor as he was, he had some friends, albeit poor and lonely as himself, and now those were lost to him, he had cut himself adrift from them. And the later ones, those who had swarmed around him as soon as wealth came to him, when wealth left him, then it was they who cut themselves adrift.

Past the houses and the clubs whose doors had flown open to welcome him he strode, seedy and shabby, timidly halting at certain of the doors, he knocked. Great gorgeous footmen whom he remembered smirking and bowing for his golden vails with stony faces and in stony voices gave the invariable answer—"My lord was not at home, my lady was not at home, my lord or my lady, Sir John or 'Jack, old pal!'" the men and women who had ridden on his drags and his cars, had pledged him in his wine, had won or begged or borrowed his notes and gold; they were each and all not at home to Mr. Finch, the down-at-heel caller, without a shilling in the pockets of his fringed trousers.

Trudging down Piccadilly, he recognised great ladies who had declared him a dear man when at their society bazaar he had bought cigars at a sovereign apiece, who had bitten off the ends for half a sovereign more; a darling man when he had lost and paid hundreds to them at Bridge, a love of a man when he had volunteered to forget the hundreds they had lost to him, and now, how absorbed they seemed in the shop windows across the way, except such of them as returned his bow with a frown or a vacant stare.

In Bond Street he had met Belle Bellasis walking alone and, hat in hand, approached her. A moment she raised her tortoiseshell and gold lorgnette and glared at him.

"Belle," he said humbly, almost entreatingly, "don't you know me? I'm Marmaduke."

"How dare you speak to me, fellow," she answered in indignation. "Go away!"

"Then it is all—all over between us?" he asked, looking at her steadily. "Go away, you insolent man," she answered, "or I will give you into custody!"

He went away—with a laugh. A day or two later, at the shabby lodgings to which, after the sale of his furniture and effects, he had removed, there came a letter which ran as follows—

"Sir.—We are instructed by our client, Mrs. Bellasis, of Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W., to inform you that any acquaintance that may have existed between yourself and that lady must be considered as absolutely and finally at an end, and furthermore we are instructed to warn and caution you that should attempt to intrude your presence or conversation upon her at any time, in any place or under any circumstance, steps will immediately be taken to protect her from the annoyance and impertinence of such molestation.

"Trusting that you will spare us the necessity of, as the lady's solicitors, enforcing this warning by measures which would entail unpleasant consequences to yourself, we beg to remain, sir, your obedient servants,

"GLINT & Co.

"Mr. M. Finch."

Strangely enough, Marmaduke Finch read that final communication, breaking off once and for ever, formally, brutally, threateningly, all bonds between himself and the siren who had once so strangely fascinated him, without a sigh, without a pang. Read it with a strange smile, placed it away safely under lock and key, as carefully as though it had been a loved one's answer crowning her lover's hopes and joys.

It was the proof, the solution of the problem that had once perplexed—which was it she cared for, the Man or the Millions? Now he knew—it was the Millions. He laughed a bitter laugh. It was the way of the world. Marmaduke Finch was growing wise, was gaining the wisdom that saddens.

CHAPTER XXXV. DORIS DEFIANT.

A BAD quarter of an hour indeed was that experienced by poor Doris Fontenoy following her interrupted interview with Daffs.

A music hall singer! and referred to by her daughter as "my dear little friend!" Denise Lady Fontenoy shuddered. Late a patient of St. Deniol's Hospital. In touch too with John Challis, and that Bligh girl. Of course, Jarvis had reported to her seeing Dr. Challis and another man in a private box with the Bligh girl and Doris, at the very place where this Daphne Dale was singing and dancing. She had reproached him at the time

for recommending a duenna so lax as Mrs. Bellasis, and he had acknowledged having been deceived in the case of that lady. How could she, Denise, blame him when she had been so thoroughly deceived in her own daughter?

These and other lamentations and upbraidings she expressed in words—sharp, bitter words, to which Doris listened with quivering lips and crimsoning cheeks.

"Mother, dear mother," she said, "how can you, who are so good, be so unjust? Not willingly unjust, that you would never be, but so misled, so deceived."

But Lady Fontenoy would listen to no appeals against her own judgment that she relied on so implicitly. So mother and daughter returned home in silence—tearful silence, so far as Doris was concerned.

Nor yet a happy silence for the other, the proud woman with the white face and the hard, set mouth. For Doris was the one being left her to love. It pained not only the proud woman's pride, but the mother's heart to think that Doris had played a double part towards her—had cherished secrets from her.

Each sought her own room on returning to the Hall, the girl to ease her heart in a gush of tears, the mother to brood over the fancied ingratitude of the one she loved best in the world.

Deep and abiding as is a mother's love, it is at times a jealous love, and Denise Lady Fontenoy felt a bitterness within her heart towards the young surgeon who, a stranger to her, and but a while ago a stranger to Doris also, had won her daughter's heart. And that bitterness inclined her the more to credit Jarvis Lynne's reports concerning him.

After dinner that night she conferred with Jarvis, who was staying at the Hall, as to the proposition that he should succeed the retiring steward. Needless to relate, he spared no pains to feed the fuel of Lady Fontenoy's resentment towards Doris and her recently acquired friends, neither was he niggard of spite and slander.

Later on, finding Doris alone, he sounded her as to what was in her heart and mind—the one scheme which would save him, the forlorn hope that might turn the tide of battle for him.

For even down there in the neigh-

bourhood of Plantain Royal his creditors were on his track, would soon be at his heels, he could hear their angry snarlings from afar. An alliance with the heiress of Plantain Royal would keep them at bay—he saw no other means of doing so.

With some diffidence he broached the subject, and then Doris Fontenoy turned upon him the fury of her scorn and indignation. She whom he had deemed so unsophisticated poured upon him vials of contempt that seared his very soul. Showed him how pitilessly clearly she read him and his designs, how thoroughly she comprehended the position.

"By Heaven you shall repent your words," he cried, hoarse with passion. "You shall not call me a hypocrite, a cheat, a living lie in vain."

But he quailed before her glance. "The men and women of my race have never feared even the brave," she answered proudly. "I am hardly likely to be afraid of a coward."

"A coward!" he gasped, inarticulate with passion.

"Yes," she answered, "a coward who bribed a brute bandit to attack the kinsman whose fortune he coveted. Ah, hear me out, Jarvis Lynne—a cheat, who even now is abusing the confidence of the kinswoman on whose bounty he subsists to rob her!"

"Doris Fontenoy, I swear you shall take back those words, or bitterly repent them."

But she continued. "To rob her by falsifying the accounts taken from the hands of an honest steward and committed to those of an unjust one."

He stared at her speechless, for he knew that she had found him out indeed. He left her without another word. But all through that night he lay awake wondering how he could silence her!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE DESPERATION OF JARVIS LYNNE.

DR. CHALLIS, breakfasting with his faithful chum Bruce Hale in his own rooms at the hospital, devoured alternately his chop and his morning's letters.

Growing meantime: "Harley Street—Surgeon-in-Ordinary? Bah! that sort of thing comes to lucky chaps like—like Bruce Hale. Besides, what's the good of good luck to me, with nobody to share it? Yes, you've got

your Nancy, you spoiled darling of the gods, but I—er—just excuse me—why!—er—what's this?"

The letter he was reading was badly written; it was worse spelt; but it caused the hard and clear-headed Jack Challis such evident excitement that the other, availing himself of their friendship, man and boy from auld lang syne, exclaimed:

"Hi, what the dickens, have you got there! Not a dun, surely! Nor yet a threat from a dissatisfied patient or a patient's next-of-kin?"

For answer Jack read as follows:

"The Plantain Arms.

"DERE DOCK.—You must come down hear at once. Mis Doris's Hall, real Hall, not Musie, is close handy. I've seen her, and she is dying for you. O she does love you. Dock, don't you fere. Bat her mother is a kat, a hansom kat, al the same a sly kat. Come down to day—most important. Your affekshnit, "DAPHNE DALE."

"Excuse mistakes—rottun penn."

"What do you make of that?"

Challis asked, handing the letter.

"I make it out to be a most important communication to be acted upon immediately." Hale replied. "Get your Bradshaw, and run down by the next fast train. I'll take your work."

"You old brick! Is that your advice?"

"It's better, it's Daffs', and Daffs is too wise a young person for her recommendation to be ignored. Follow it, you'll be glad, don't—you'll regret it."

A hurried chat as to the day's work, and in an incredibly short space of time Jack Challis was speeding Eustonwards, and Bruce Hale and Nancy Blyth, in the intervals of their respective hospital duties, were speculating as to what luck was awaiting Jack; Nancy, for her part, weaving a golden web of romance around him and her beloved Doris.

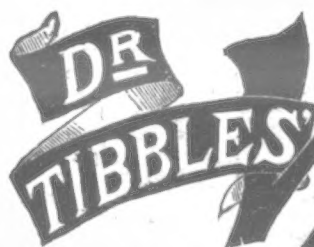
"That's your advice?" Jack seated in the armchair of Daffs' sitting-room at the Fontenoy Arms, asked, looking at the latest and brightest star of all the Halls, who replied:

"Ab-so-lute-ly! What do you say, Marquis, though you're only a man?"

"I think the Queen can advise no wrong," said the umpire appealed to, puffing his briar thoughtfully. "As Daffs says, if you go straight to

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Mr. A. CHITTY, A.B., H.M.S. "Aalvina," Devonport, writes:—

"Allow me to express my heartfelt gratitude to you for the most excellent benefits that I have derived from your valuable Vi-Cocoa. I have just completed a course of diving, which is, as doubtless you are aware, very fatiguing on the system. I used to experience the greatest difficulty diving in shallow water, but now, thanks to your beverage, I can easily dive in any depth up to twenty-five fathoms without a corset. You are at perfect liberty to use this as a testimonial."

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"In the Front Rank of Really Valuable Foods."—Lancet.

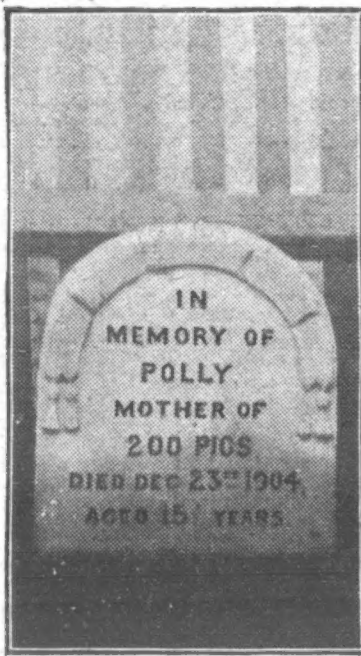
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A DAINY SAMPLE FREE.



Photo, Topical

TOMBSTONE ERECTED TO A PIG: Miss Alice Taylor, of the Cook Hotel Farmstead at Worsley has just placed in the garden attached to her farm a tombstone over the grave of a sow. This sow had a progeny of no fewer than 200.

Lady Fontenoy and tell your story, you refute slander with truth, in the impact between which it's, in the long run, odds upon the latter. You're no needy adventurer, you're the girl's equal in every respect, and you're going to preserve her from a brute worse than any who ever assailed the fair maidens the knights errant of old set forth to free."

He little thought how grimly true his words would prove before the sun went down that day.

After many hours of anxious troubled thought and a night's sleep upon those thoughts, Doris Fontenoy, by no means inclined to let Jarvis Lynne trade upon her mother's over confidence in him, boldly and frankly sought her, with a full and true account of what had transpired at their interview.

The widowed Lady of the Manor of Plantain Royal listened icily to her daughter's story, loth to believe that a kinsman could be guilty of such duplicity. Jealousy of her daughter's newly made and warmly cherished friends hardened her heart against her, made her unjust, causing her, while discrediting Jarvis Lynne's perfidy, to foster her own suspicions, jealousy had aroused in her mind as to her own child's candour. She listened in silence till Doris, stung beyond endurance, rushed from the room in a tempest of tears, and, snatching up her hat, ran out on to the terrace to cool her fevered cheeks, and walked hastily and blindly on through the gardens

and lawns of the house towards a wooded glade beyond.

Meanwhile her mother sat awhile a prey to conflicting emotions. After a spell of heart-wringing anguish she rose, walked across the library, and regarded the portrait of Doris's father hanging on the wall. And the eyes looking down upon her seemed with a reproachful regard to chide her that her heart had hardened itself against the child whether or no Doris was to blame.

She turned from the reproachful gaze of the mute presentment on the wall, sought a hush cabinet and took therefrom a letter written on thin foreign paper creased to ribbons, its writing faded with the lapse of many years, grown old as the heart of her to whom it was addressed.

And for the thousandth time she read the closing lines: "Sometimes I think the heart is wiser than the brain. You choose to break your heart and mine because your brain, that cold and calculating brain, tells you I have faults—as who has not? So be it. My life, half-wrecked already, goes down into the depths. Farewell, Denise! In mercy to yourself, forget that ever I was your first love, and you were, and ever will be, my first and last."

It was signed in initials. Not the initials of Sir Eustace Fontenoy! And in that anguished moment, after all the years, came upon her the reflection, what right had she to have all those years kept that letter written by a hand perhaps long since stilled—the hand of one who had long years ago gone out of her life, but once had been her all in all?

Silently, steadily, she crossed the room and flung the tattered letter in the fire, watched it burn to ashes, ashes as dead as the years that had been since it first was written.

A footfall sounded along the path without. Glancing through the window, she beheld Jarvis Lynne hastening along the terrace, saw the glitter of his eyes, noted the workings of his face and hands.

And, remembering her child's impassioned words, a great chill struck her heart as she realised that he, with malice blazing in his eyes, was hastening in the direction Doris a little while ago had taken.

(To be continued.)

A MODEL VILLAGE. SUNLIGHT PEOPLE IN A SUNLIGHT TOWN.

On the left bank of the River Mersey, not many miles from its mouth, where but yesterday was a stretch of obscure farm-land, unheralded and unsung, now stands the Village of Port Sunlight.

Cheshire, noted for its picturesque towns and hamlets, boasts no more beautiful village than that of Port Sunlight, with its broad streetsavenued with trees; large open spaces at the intersection of the principal avenues; creeper-clad cottages for the work-

people, with lawn fore-courts and gardens, tastefully designed and representing every variety of English architecture. But commodious dwellings at moderate rents, fitted with every need for comfort; sanitary, well-paved streets, leafy nooks, grassy lawns decked in flowers, do not exhaust the advantages of the fortunate workers at Port Sunlight. On every hand we see handsome, substantial buildings, planned with care and forethought, to give the residents every variety of entertainment and social life.

The schools, which have recently been greatly enlarged, accommodate 1,200 children. The education is thorough, liberal, and free. Scholarships are offered to encourage ambition, so that the child may fit itself for any sphere in life.

Gladstone Hall, named after that eminent statesman, because it was opened by him in 1891, is a large building constructed to offer the inhabitants facilities for dramatic and musical entertainments, lectures, meetings, etc.



Lever Free Library and Museum.

It has since been supplemented by an Open-Air Theatre—the first of its kind in England. The proscenium is a separate structure, which, with the fall of the curtain, becomes entirely enclosed. The Auditorium is formed of steel rails and girders, covered with waterproof canvas, which is removed in the winter.

A point of interest is the Village Inn, not only for its tasteful old-world design, but from the fact of its being the only licensed premises on the property. It started life on total abstinence principles, and, after much debate, the question was submitted to a popular vote, when a large majority decided in favour of license.

Other buildings are a handsome Swimming Bath, three Gymnasias, Library, Girls' Club and Restaurant, Men's Club and Bowling Green, etc. The latest addition is a pretty Church,

characteristic of English architecture, with a rich peal of chimes.

There is a Temperance Organisation, a Boys' Brigade, and a Masonic Lodge.

Agricultural allotments have not been forgotten. Nor is the workman, when grown old or enfeebled, abandoned—like a broken tool—to the mercy of cold chance or charity, in the evening of his day. An old-age-pension Trust is provided from the Treasury of Messrs. Lever Bros., Ltd., the great soap makers who have built up this community. The employees do not contribute towards it, though it is conducted by them and the managers. It is also the duty of this Trust to lend a helping hand and keep a watchful eye over the widow and orphan.

A newspaper chronicles the events of the village; a prosperous general shop supplies its wants, but patronage is quite optional. There is of necessity much that this brief outline must leave unnoticed, but the public is always welcome to inspect the Works and Village, and makes liberal use of the privilege.

Nothing seems to have been left undone to make the social life attractive. That all this should be devoted to the making of a commonplace product like soap shows how the prosaic may be made to harmonise with the artistic and beautiful, and what may be done by capital to lighten the lot of labour, with credit and profit to itself, for be it understood that all suggestion of philanthropy is repudiated by the Company as incompatible with the dignity of labour. They proclaim manfully that the Village is a commercial enterprise, a needful adjunct to their business, that it has been successful from that point of view, and that nothing is expected from any

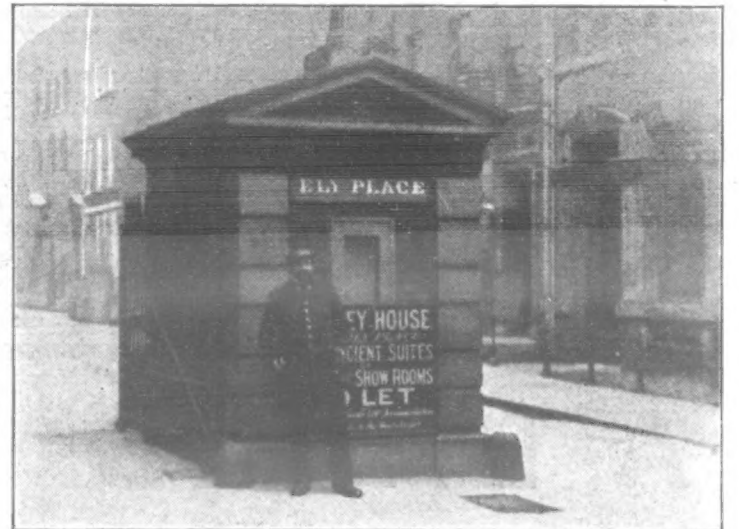
employé beyond attention to duty. Order reigns everywhere with a keynote of freedom, and nothing is compulsory that is inconsistent with independence.



Specimen Model Cottage.

Port Sunlight is an example of what honest purpose when pursued by energy and public spirit, may accomplish, despite the keen competition of these days.

Its growth has been uninterrupted from the beginning, and each year large additions have been made since its foundations. The dream of the founder has materialised—reality has surpassed expectation. Thus closes our brief story of the dawn of a new community, so fraught with example for those companions of production and progress—Labour and Capital.



Photo, Advance.

THE WATCHMAN OF ELY PLACE, HOLBORN, WITH HIS STAFF AND LANTERN.

This is the last of the old "Charlies" and one of the most interesting instances of how the customs of the Middle Ages still linger in some parts of London.

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